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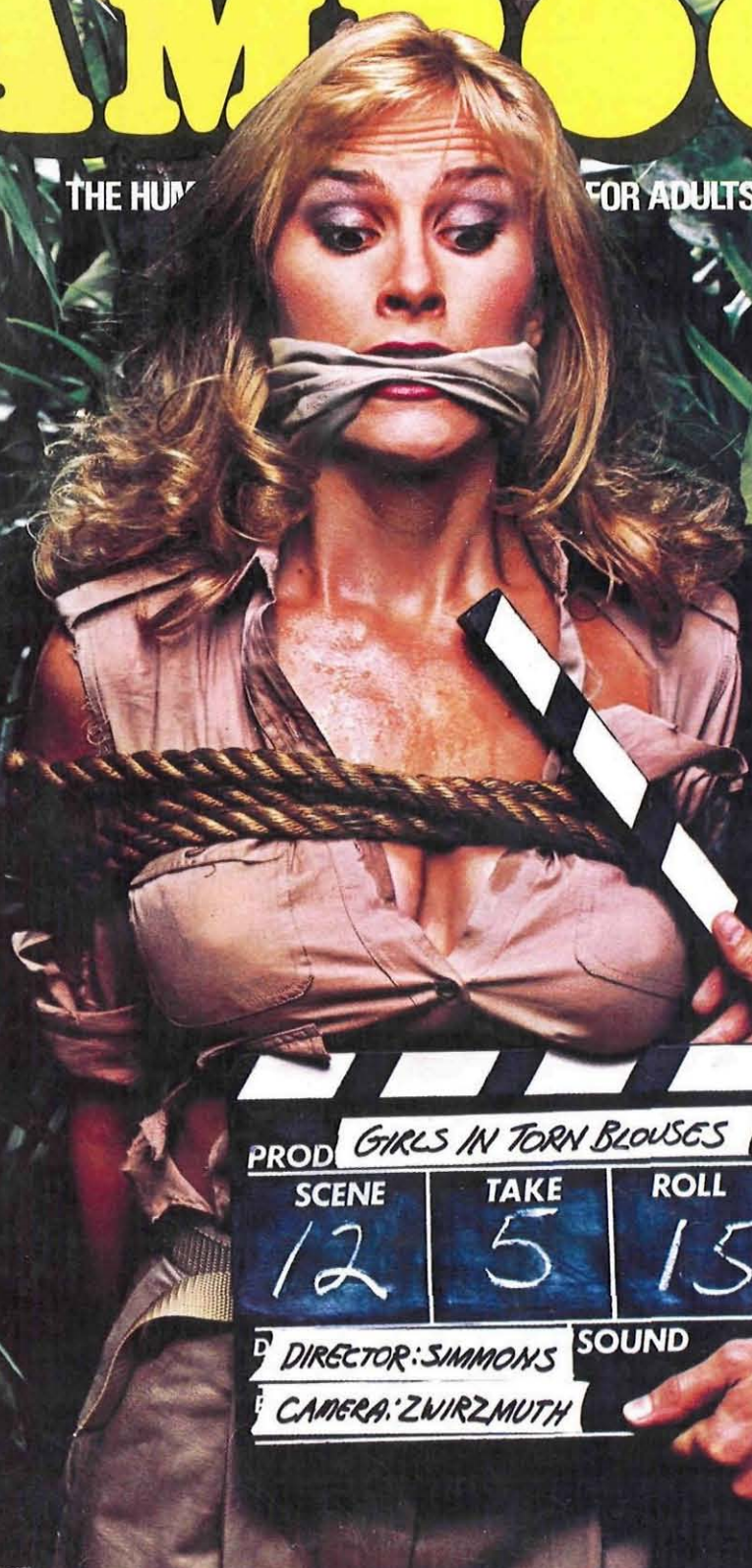
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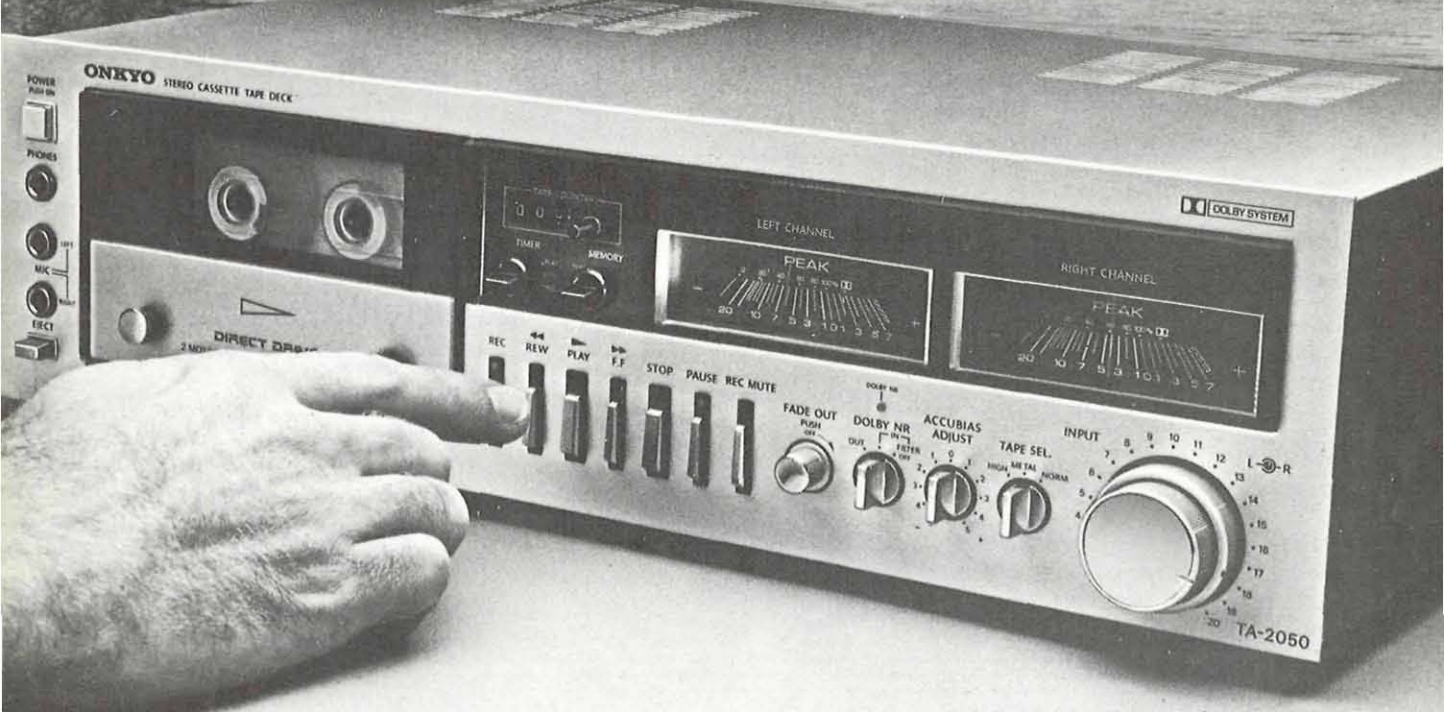
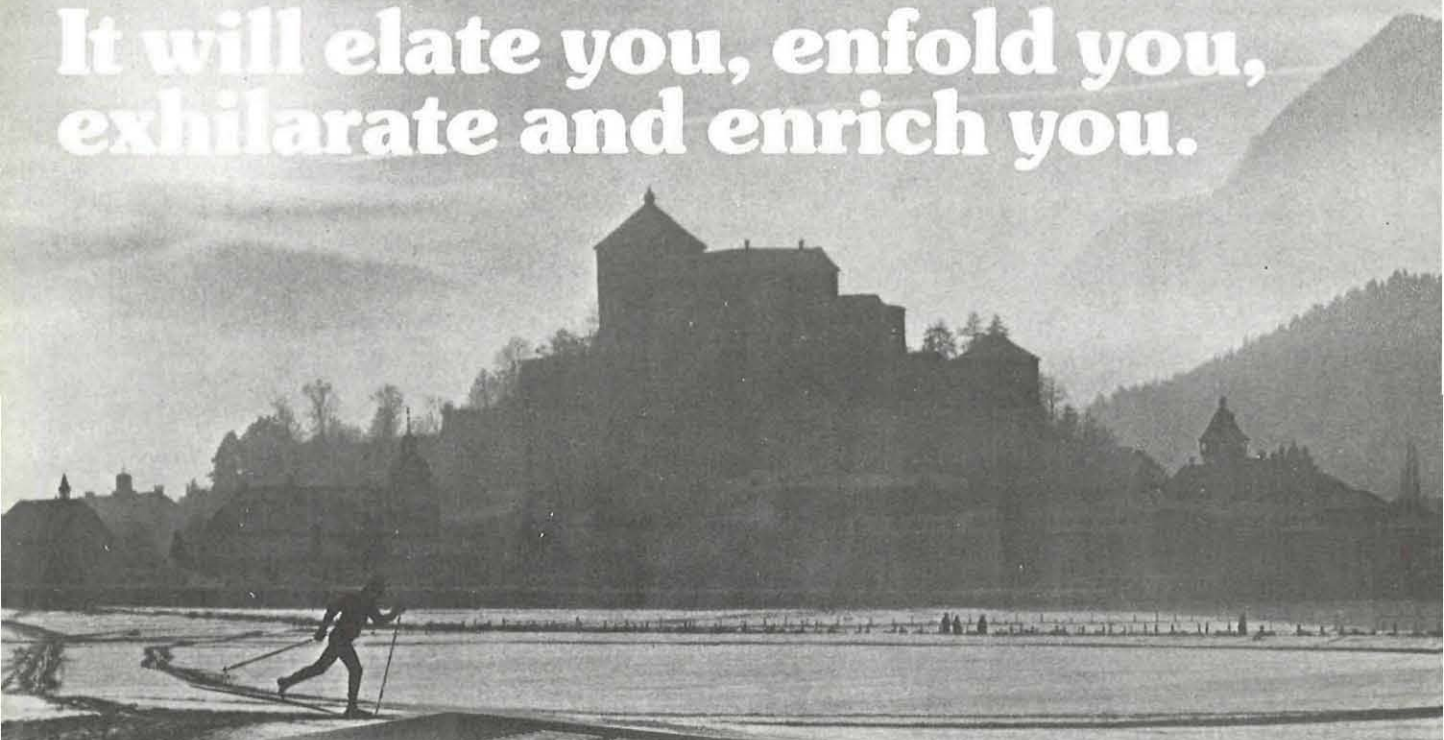


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I HAVE A BIGGER
NOSE THAN ANYONE
I KNOW OF.



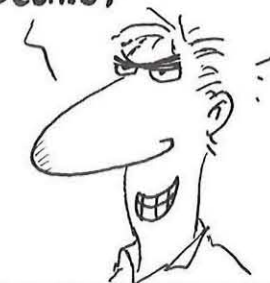
BUT I BELIEVE THAT
SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE,
HAS A BIGGER
NOSE THAN
I DO.



AND I HAVE SWORN
THAT I WILL FIND
THAT SOMEONE, NO
MATTER HOW
LONG IT
TAKES...
AND WHEN
I DO,
I'M
GOING
TO SAY...



HI THERE,
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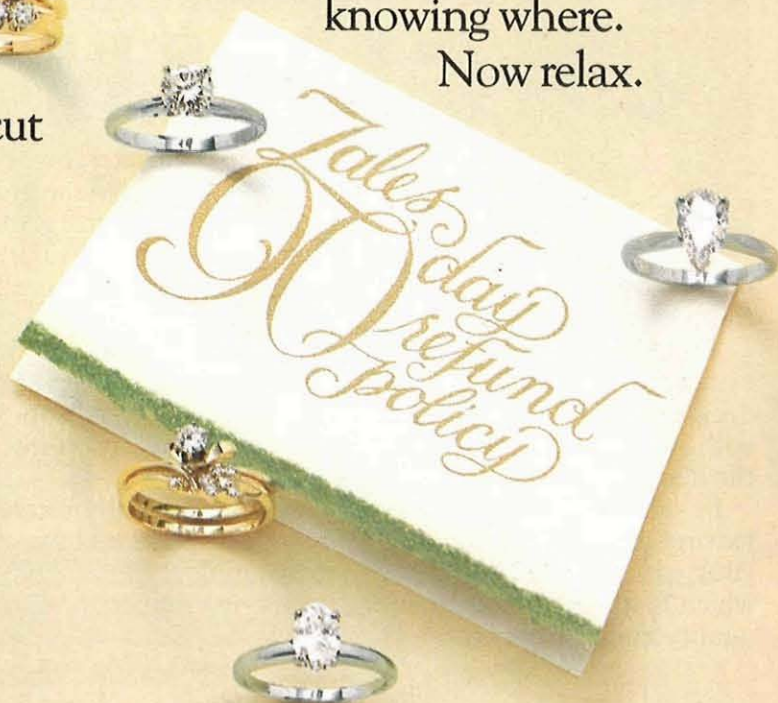
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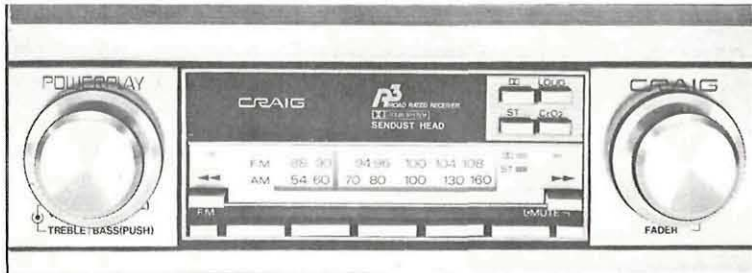
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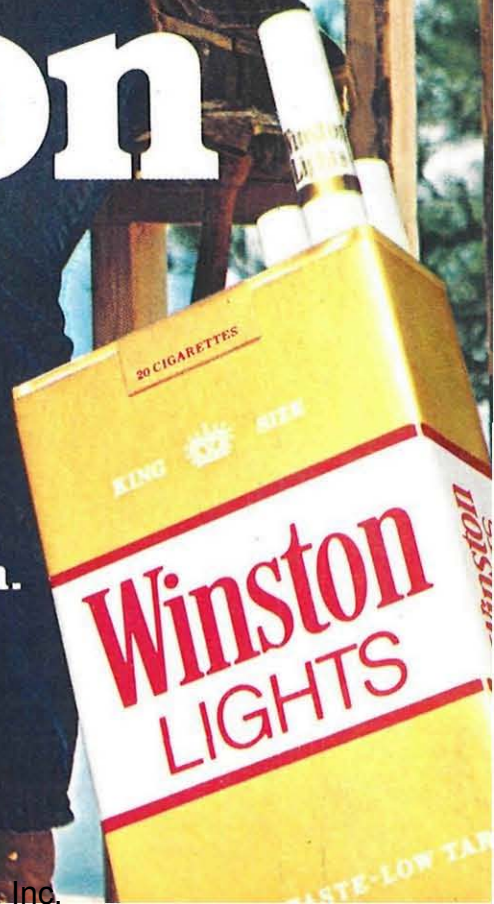
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Editorial

Barry Sween (pronounced *Sween*) is a movie producer and a slight friend of mine. I see him about three times a year when he calls me to pick my brains and get ideas for nothing. Barry's "office" is a tiny space overlooking an air shaft in a building on West Twenty-seventh Street that never saw better days. He shares the office and the phone with two other tenants, the Garter Belt Institute, which is the public-relations arm of the garter-belt industry, and the Widows of Norwegian Seamen, a burial society.

Barry is what you'd call an all-around guy: he writes a little; he produces; he wheels and deals, trying to get distribution rights to a Serbo-Croatian porn-terrorist movie, a Bulgarian martial-arts musical—anything that might make a buck. Barry Sween is the one-man operation who runs BS Productions. What Barry likes to do best is "package"—put people together in a movie deal—promise a studio he can get so-and-so and so-and-so to star, with so-and-so to direct. Except lately Barry has had a terrible time lining up any big names. "It's always the same old story," says Barry. "You want Bobby DeNiro, you'll settle for Al Pacino, and you get Michael Moriarty." I knew what he meant. I gave him a few more typical Hollywood catch-22 casting fuck-ups. "You want Jill Clayburgh, you'll settle for Candice Bergen, you get Marsha Mason. Right?" "Right!" shouted Barry. "That's it. That's the way the fucking movie business works. No one can make a good deal except the biggies, and even they can't do shit most of the time. I swear to God, I don't know how the fuck a picture gets made anymore."

So Barry and I made a little list of all the actors he wants, the ones he would settle for, and those he could actually get. It gives you an idea of the sorry state of the movie business these days. For instance:

You want William Hurt. You'll settle for John Heard. You get Michael

Moriarty.

You want Burt Lancaster. You'll settle for Kirk Douglas. You get Harry Guardino.

You want Sean Connery. You'll settle for Roger Moore. You get



Barry putting together a deal. I was actually present when he almost got Art Garfunkel together with Christopher Plummer.

Christopher Plummer.

You want Richard Pryor. You'll settle for Cleavon Little. You get Garrett Morris.

You want Lily Tomlin. You'll settle for Gilda Radner. You get Jane Curtin.

You want Robert Redford. You'll settle for James Caan. You get Michael Moriarty.

You want Steve Martin. You'll settle for Andy Kaufman. You get Rob Reiner.

You want Nick Nolte. You'll settle for Harrison Ford. You get Michael Moriarty.

You want Paul LeMat. You'll settle for Ron Howard. You get Robby Benson.

You want Dustin Hoffman. You'll settle for Richard Dreyfuss. You get Beau Bridges.

You want Jack Nicholson. You'll settle for Bruce Dern. You get Michael Moriarty.

You want Jack Weston. You'll settle for Dom DeLuise. You get James Coco.

You want Carl Reiner. You'll settle for Sid Caesar. You get Harvey Korman.

You want Harvey Korman. You'll settle for Kenneth Mars. You get Howard Morris.

You want Rodney Dangerfield. You'll settle for Henny Youngman. You get Jack Carter.

You want Barbra Streisand. You'll settle for Liza Minnelli. You get Lisa Eichhorn.

You want Goldie Hawn. You'll settle for Barbara Harris. You get Connie Stevens.

You want Jane Fonda. You'll settle for Faye Dunaway. You get Lee Remick.

You want Dustin Hoffman. You'll settle for Charles Grodin. You get Tony Roberts.

You want Michael Douglas. You'll settle for George Segal. You get Richard Benjamin.

You want Alan Alda. You'll settle for Wayne Rogers. You get Richard Benjamin.

You want Walter Matthau. You'll settle for Rod Steiger. You get Jack Klugman.

You want George C. Scott. You'll settle for Anthony Quinn. You get James Coburn.

You want Paul Williams. You'll settle for Henry Gibson. You get Arte Johnson.

You want Lauren Hutton. You'll settle for Maud Adams. You get Ali MacGraw.

You want Catherine Deneuve. You'll settle for Dominique Sanda. You get Marthe Keller.

You want Isabelle Adjani. You'll settle for Isabelle Huppert. You get Marthe Keller.

You want Marcello Mastroianni. You'll settle for Giancarlo Giannini. You get Tony Franciosa.

You want Jack Lemmon. You'll settle for Donald Sutherland. You get Tony Randall.

You want Christopher Walken. You'll settle for John Savage. You get

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combinations of features. And at many different prices starting under \$60* So how are you going to decide which one fits your needs? The best way is to come into a store and talk to an expert. Yourself. Talk into a few Panasonic Microcassette recorders. Or talk into all of them. And after you hear your own thoughts on the subject, you'll know just which one to choose.

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Or, if you do like listening to voices other than your own, there's our RN-600, an AM/FM stereo Microcassette recorder with Ambience Sound.

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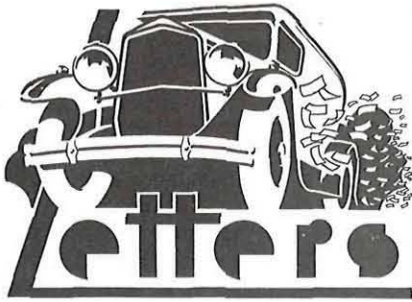
RN-007



RN-600



RN-164



Sirs:

I like to fart on airplanes. The big soft seat cushions (which also double as emergency flotation gear) absorb the noise, and most of the smell, too. Movie-theater seats are also good, especially during action movies when there's lots of noise up on the screen. Church pews are not so good, although sometimes you can rock to the side and squeeze one off in the opposite direction from your wife. But the absolute worst place in the world to fart is on a metal folding chair—Christ, it sounds like you're doing duck calls in Echo Canyon!

Supreme Court Justice
Thurgood Marshall
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

In my opinion, giving money to the San Andreas Foundation is being generous to a fault.

Hy Sierra
Wando, Nevada

Sirs:

Those fancypants out in New York think they're so smart, what with giant alligators in their sewers, and all. Well, Kansas has things in its sewers too. Like hairpins. And tampons, giant tampons. Only last week a giant hairpin grabbed a sewer repairman and held him while a giant tampon sucked all the blood clean out of him. Left him dry as a bone. Tell you what—you bring one of your New York alligators down here, and we'll just see how he does against a giant Kansas sewer tampon. Bet you get yourself a nice set of luggage for your trouble, is what I bet.

Jeb Tumwald
Kansas City

Sirs:

Sterilize the poor! Shoot the radicals! Oh, God, it's good to be able to come right out and say what you really think without worrying about public reaction. I mean, this is *National Lampoon*, so you can't tell if this is really me that's writing this, right? *Crucify the Jewmen!* I mean, it could easily be someone pretending to be me, in order to discredit me, right? *Ship the darkies back to Africa!* Or it could even be some kind of nut, instead of me, couldn't it? *Nuke the godless, unrepentant, Muscovite Antichrist!* Right? Right?!

Rev. Jerry Falwell
The Moral Majority

Sirs:

We geneticists here at Devil's Island Genetic Engineering Laboratories have finally succeeded in crossing chromosomes from country singer Dolly Parton, a Bactrian camel, and Jimmy Carter. We don't know exactly what it is we've got yet, but it's built like a brick shithouse, smells like a monkey's wedding, and leaves peanut shells all over the lab floor.

Dr. Bunsen Berner
DIGEL
French Guinea

Sirs:

If you've bought a World Book Encyclopedia in the past two years, please pay close attention to this message. We accidentally forgot to include anything about Idaho. We knew Idaho existed, but we just forgot. If your encyclopedia makes no mention of Idaho, send us a large, self-addressed envelope and we'll send you a handy mimeographed sheet telling all about this wonderful state. No offense intended, we assure you.

William Cranley
President, World Book Encyclopedias
Anywhere but Idaho

Sirs:

Nip and tuck, nip and tuck. My plastic surgeon says that he can't perform one more lift on my body because there isn't a square inch of skin that hasn't been cut, pulled, stretched, and stitched on to another piece of skin. He says that the elastic potential of my skin has been pushed right to the limit, and that if I so much as nick myself while shaving my underarms, I'm going to explode like an overcooked eggplant. Oh, God, I'm going to have icky wrinkles, just like other people.

Liz Taylor

Sirs:

I've just returned from the Tecuaxal River Basin in South America, where the Yalapa Indians have been worshipping a *Time* magazine cover of Ronald Reagan. The call him Ixlixlxl, the turkey-vulture god, and they pray to him to make their body lice go away. I guess that's kind of unflattering, but they do sacrifice a virgin armadillo to him at every full moon.

Marvin Stipps
Anthropology Dept.
Harvard



continued on page 16

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Excerpts from the 1927 Edition of the Professional Wrestler's Encyclopedia of Party Hints

by Brian McCormick, Kevin Curran,
and Richard Rosomoff

Publisher's Note:

The host or hostess in possession of this fine book need never want for ideas in the realm of entertainment. The instructions that follow are so unique as to merit the admiration and beguilement of even the most exacting individual. As of this writing, well nigh 500 members of the 1926 Social Register have written us with words of gratitude for the production of this fine book. Many had not known of the grand times to be had by following the elegant instructions of some of our most noble "Pro Wrestlers," as the public presently refers to these gentlemen of the arena. The use of these party suggestions will cause the lady of the house to "have nary a care," as she will be assured that she has afforded her guests the very finest in the way of professional-wrestling party fun.

Keeping elegance, good cheer, and a sportive wit ever in mind, may we open our text with the words of Lady Morning Sickness, to wit, "Loose the bears on the midgets and, by God, let the gaming begin!"

The Annual Pro Wrestling "Coming Out" Cotillion

Each spring season brings with it the questions "Who, pray tell, shall earn this year's World Pro Wrestling Title?" and "Will this be the garden

party that tells?"

Muscles blooming in the warm winds, these shy titans will gather on your lawn or patio to butt their heads together in an early test of strength that will later end in a wonderfully spontaneous "Death Match" between the two guests left standing.

Cotillion Games

Cotillions can be simply tiresome affairs unless you know the trick to a successful pro bout party. The trick? Why, nothing less than a live Portuguese man-of-war will do!

Have the wrestlers purchase one of these unseemly beasts at the local exotic-fish exchange parlor, making sure they tie a piece of "bubble gum" or a red rose to the end of each poisonous tentacle. Ask them to hammer the Portuguese man-of-war to their date's chest, having a care to use their fists only, thereby decorating their date with a festive corsage that won't be forgotten for seasons to come. Good-bye to yawns, hello to beaming smiles all 'round!

Here is another excellent diversion: the divining of the occupation of future marriage mates through the means of dropping melted lead into a bucket of water. A pill indicates a pro

wrestling doctor; a book, a disreputable and conniving accountant; a coin, a ruthless and unscrupulous manager; and no shape at all means a foolhardy but stubbornly moral man of the mat whose body washes up on the river's edge at dawn.

The decor should be hearts, hearts, and, ho-hum, hearts.

A Saint Patrick's Day Donnybrook Fair¹

What could be more fun than an old-time Irish free-for-all? Why, a Saint Paddy's Donnybrook Fair, is all!

Ask your guests to come dressed as their favorite illegal hold—a Claw, a Pile Driver, a Heart Punch, or a Groin Torpedo will do nicely. Choose one of the guests to balance a table in midair by one of its legs, using only one hand to do so. Seat your guests around the table on the twisted and hobbled legs of annihilated wrestlers as the evening progresses. Do not be unduly aroused by the screams and floor poundings issuing from the human seats, but play on as though nothing were amiss.

The Donnybrook game is played thusly: Arrange livestock pens with pigs, geese, and chickens sporting green vests. Have one of the wrestlers dress as a "Goose Girl," assigned to try to "milk" one of the other wrestlers' distended pectorals, using several "rabbit punches" to bring the latter wrestler to his knees. Have flower girls selling roses and shamrocks to all patrons. Have a cottage made of turf for an inn. Rent the nation of Ireland for an evening and you are ready to begin!

Remember, jaunty and low-back cars hauled by your wrestlers should add a welcome note of nostalgia to the scenery. Don't fail to fill a hayrick with squabbling women. Fill another hayrick with drunken, contentious wrestlers twice the size of Rhode Island. Arrange to have the two vehicles crash. Then stand back and admire the good-natured fun that follows on your heels like a snapping farm dog.

The April Fools' Party

Everyone enjoys a good prank. Everyone, that is, except for a professional wrestler whose IQ has undergone the weal and woe of a full career in the ring. How better to end that career than by submitting the fellow to a "crowning" glory! We mean by this the fist blows of his friends



¹This party hint comes to us from Green Gorilla Mulligan of Boston, Massachusetts.

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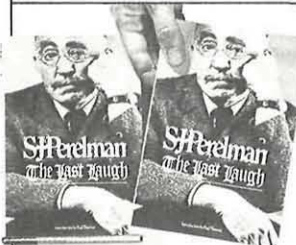
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The Propmaster Speaks

by Kevin Curran

Well, it's great to see you. I know you magazine fellows are busy, but I've got some tales that'll turn your socks green. I've been around this town so long, I remember Aztec aliens scrambling across the borders. You don't get to where I've been without knowing what you carbon chewers need for a front-page exclusive.

Don't sit in that chair! It's from *The Three Stooges Go to Hell*. That was an unreleased bit of business scripted by Jean-P. Sartre himself, rest his blemished soul. He'd gotten more than an earful about the play Beckett tailored for Buster Keaton and was out to prove he could give as well as he got. The project fell through when he insisted on that dog-faced girl of his for the female lead. Rumor has it he used to go in for slapping her buttocks with a fly swatter while motoring down Sunset. I could say more, but a gentleman's honor forbids it.

That paperweight over there is a token from David O. Selznick, the legendary producer of *Gone with the Wind*. Dave had anticipated some trouble with a certain Mr. Hays, the self-proclaimed keeper of movie morals then-a-days, about the line "Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a damn." If it didn't pass mustard with that abstemious do-gooder, he was all set to

substitute "Frankly, Scarlett, I don't give a cheap, plastic coated, snow-filled reproduction of your beloved Tara." But Mr. Hays was napping, or looking the other way, and the rest is history. Good thing, too, 'cause that line would have been a real tongue tussler for Gable. I had three assistant propmen under me in that flick. I was only thirty-one at the time, and you can look it up if you've got a mind to.

I see you're admiring that cane by the window. A gift from Mr. Charles Chaplin, or "Char-lee," as he was known to the French. I wonder if he ever met up with Mr. Jean-Paul Fanny Whacker in ol' Pa-ree? Well, no matter, Charlie was a gentleman in his own right. His house was a warm and loving oasis in a desert of crumbums, and you can quote me there. I remember he once invited some thirty young girls from the local orphanage to a sit-down dinner at his estate. It was quite the to-do and the champagne flowed like blood from an accident victim. Charlie seemed in high spirits, and he seated more than a few girls on his knee, telling them tales and tweaking their betters. After a few drinks, he pretended that two steaks were his shoes and made up this pantomime where he laced them up and hobbled all over. Then he solemnly announced

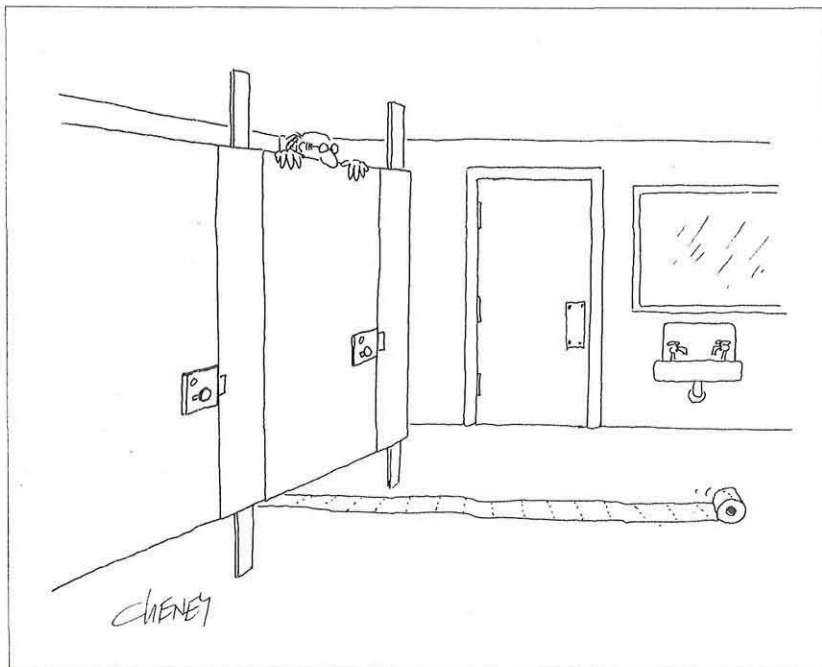
that there was a "spook" in the house and secretly instructed one of his servants to turn off the lights. Several of the girls screamed and then began to moan about what a nice spirit it really was. When the lights came back on, Charlie had a great big grin on his face, and the party continued merrily.

Big Al Hitchcock gave me that knife over there; it's from his movie *Psycho*. Grab a hold of it. See, it's only rubber. Al had a great sense of humor. I'll never forget the time Corky (that's what the guys used to call him) tricked Grace Kelly with some "snapping gum." She caught her little finger in there and couldn't get it out for the longest while. I almost bust a gut, and Corky was rolling on the ground, happy and bubbling—well, he was foaming at the mouth, is what he was doing.

Sometimes I like to take old Lassie there for a little stroll. You can't really say she was a prop, because she had her own series, but she sure acts like one now. As for the story, well, it seems there was a rookie director for this one episode. Kind of new to the business, big producer's son or something. Anyway, being an L.A. city slicker, he'd gotten his dogs mixed up with his frogs and thought ol' Lassie should be able to leap a thirty-foot ravine without batting a tick off her coat. The first Lassie, brave as a bumblebee, went sailing off after the slices of chicken loaf they threw in front of her. She really gave it her all, and she must've got ten feet out there before she starts to drop. The *thunk* when she hit pay dirt was enough to knock the cotton out of your ears. And then she let out this horrible, high-pitched whine. It would go on for a while and then stop, and you could hear her snorting and huffing, trying to get her breath back, before it would start up again.

That might have been enough to stop most men, but not this director. He thought that dog was just trying to embarrass him on his first day. So he kept shooting new Lassies off the ridge all afternoon, and they were just piling up bigger and bigger at the bottom. When night fell he wanted to keep running them off, with lanterns around their necks, "until one of those damn mutts gets it right." But the crew was getting tired of all this by now. It really was a pretty unprofessional way to act, and they all had families to go home to. The next day,

continued on page 95





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Sgt. Nick Daley, Campus Police

by John Bendel

Me and my partner, Hootch, were working the night watch in the south parking lot when I spotted a car roof about six rows over rocking violently back and forth.

"Looks like trouble, Hootch," I said. "Let's go."

Hootch hit the gumball light and let go with a blast on the siren as we roared across the lot. In seconds we were out of our car, billy clubs in hand, walking up to the rocking car. It was a Volvo.

The siren hadn't tipped them off, since they were still fucking up a storm in the backseat. For a minute I thought the car was going to roll over on us, they were banging so hard. We could hear them hollering and yelling and moaning.

Hootch looked at me with just a touch of fear in his eyes. Sure, we'd made thousands of busts together, but you never know in a case like this. You just never know.

"Campus police!" I shouted, and reached for the door handle.

They'd made a big mistake. They'd forgotten to lock the doors, so they didn't have time to even reach for their clothes. Hootch and I had them out on the asphalt in seconds, totally bareassed. This bust would stick and they knew it.

"You!" I said, pointing at the girl. "Into the Campus Patrol car!" I had seen her on campus before.

"May I get my jeans?" she asked. She was trying to act scared, but I was onto that. These undergraduate

broads can turn it on and off. She didn't fool me.

"In the car!"

She obeyed.

Hootch was holding the boy at billy-club-point.

"And you, mister," I said. "Let's see some ID."

"It's in my pants," he answered, kind of sneering.

"Wise guy, huh? I hate wise guys." I tapped him on the head with my billy club and the sneer vanished, so I let Hootch hand him his pants. He showed us a driver's license. Niles Boneward was his name. It rang a bell, but I couldn't say why just then.

"This isn't Podunk, mister," I said, tossing the document back to him. "I want your *campus* ID."

"I don't have campus ID," he mumbled, hanging his head.

"Oh, yeah?" I said. "Then how come the university parking sticker on the car?"

Something was definitely fishy here. I looked at the guy holding his hands over his wilted dong. He looked all yellow in the light of the parking-lot arc lamps, but he wasn't talking.

"Get him to talk, Hootch," I said. "I'm going to see about the girl."

I walked to the Campus Patrol car and got into the backseat next to her. She was shuddering and tears were streaming down her face.

"Please, please, please..." she kept saying.

"Cut the crap, sister," I said. "We've met before, haven't we?"

She cupped her hands over her face and nodded.

"You're from the Governor Hutton dormitory, aren't you?"

She nodded again. She wasn't a bad-looking dish. She had cute little tits that jiggled as she cried, and she looked kind of classy—you know, with no make-up and long, kinky hair.

Then it came back to me. We had nabbed her just before midterms after she submitted a phony term paper. Cindy Dade was her name.

She noticed me checking her out and our eyes met. For a moment I thought she was going to drop the act and offer me a blowjob to forget the whole thing, but she started crying and shaking again instead.

"Please don't touch me!" she said.

"I'm a campus cop," I said. "I never do it on the job. All I want from you are some answers."

She composed herself and looked up again.

"We know you're no parking-lot princess, Cindy. It isn't your style," I said. "So, tell me, what's with you and Mister Wise Guy?"

We looked out the window at Boneward, who was getting very upset. Hootch was stuffing his clothes down through the sewer grating.

"You can't do that! You can't do that!" Boneward was shouting. Finally, Hootch had enough. "We can do anything, mister," he said. "We're campus police!" But Boneward still wasn't talking.

It was time to get tough. I put my hand on Cindy's knee.

"Remember what I said about not doing it on the job?" I asked.

She nodded, her eyes fixed now on my hand.

"Well, I lied."

"Please, stop!" she said. "I'll tell you everything!"

"Okay, baby. Spill it."

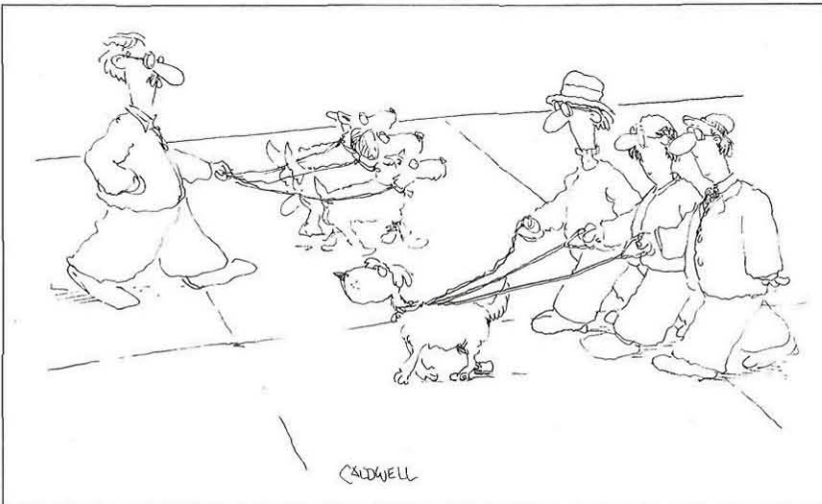
She fidgeted for a moment, her tits dancing in the yellow light. Finally she spoke, very softly.

"I came here to buy a term paper," she said, "but I didn't have any money, so..."

Slowly it began to come together. The university sticker. The Volvo. Boneward. Of course! That was it! It had to be Professor Boneward, chairman of the philosophy department. I'd never met him, but it all added up.

I got out of the car and walked over to where Hootch was bashing out the Volvo taillights with his billy club.

"So, professor!" I said.



"No, please," he said, backing away. "My career, my family!"

"You should have thought of them before you started pushing term papers!" I said. "Hootch, search the car."

In a few seconds we had what we were looking for. Boneward's campus ID was stashed in the glove compartment, a silly attempt at covering his identity for a professor who drove a Volvo and forgot to lock his doors. And on the floor of the car we found...the term paper. It was called "From Mansfield to Camus: The Car Crash in Contemporary Thought."

"There haven't been any raises for the past two years," Boneward mumbled. "They keep cutting my budget. There are so many philosophers these days and so little part-time work. I just wanted to sell a few term papers. Just to make ends meet."

"Professor," I said, "you're a disgrace to higher education."

Boneward hung his head, sobbing bitterly.

"Let's take him out behind the field house and teach him a lesson," said Hootch.

"No," I replied. "I think he's learned his lesson. Haven't you, Professor Boneward?"

He nodded pathetically.

"I think you should go home and have a little talk with your wife," I said. Hootch and I left him there.

As we drove away, Cindy covered in the backseat.

"Where are we going?" she asked. "I hope you two aren't going to...oh, no, please."

Then we pulled up in front of the Governor Hutton dormitory and I reached over the front seat and opened the back door so that she could get out.

"Thought we were going to take advantage, didn't you?" I said. "But you kids forget, we're here to help you. We're campus police. Now beat it!"

"Nice ass," said Hootch as we watched her run up the walk to the building.

But we didn't get to think about it for too long. The two-way radio was crackling.

"All units, all units..." went the message. "Beer fight on Fraternity Row. Respond immediately!"

Hootch and I looked at each other and shook our heads. Then we blasted off, with the siren wailing.

Take it from me, it's a jungle out there. □

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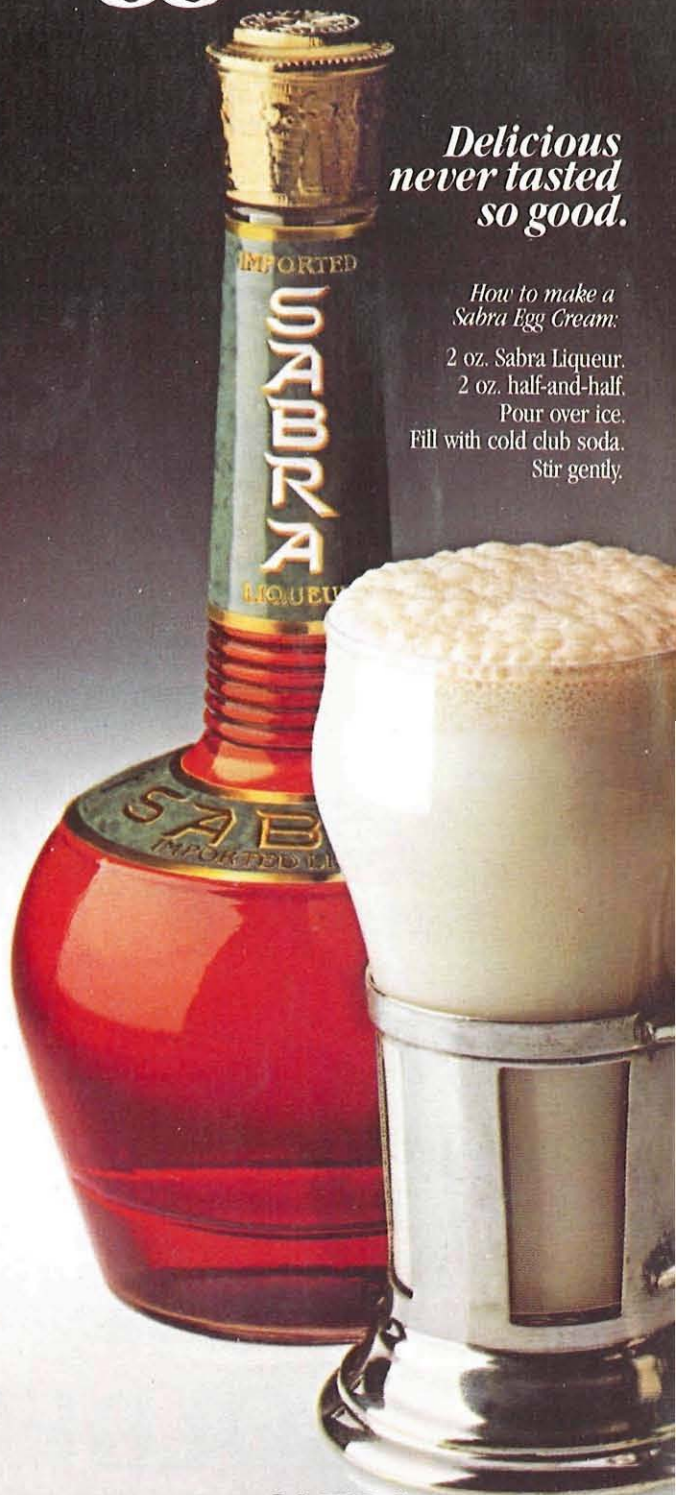
2 oz. Sabra Liqueur.

2 oz. half-and-half.

Pour over ice.

Fill with cold club soda.

Stir gently.



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LETTERS

continued from page 8

Sirs:

SLIM WHITE MALE aged 35 seeks attractive white female, 27. Must have tattoo (dogs, butterflies okay; no rainbows, gnomes, or battle scenes). Must own late-model foreign car with radial tires (and snows). Should be well tanned, blue eyed, blond (sunny yellow, not platinum or dishwasher), and have own luggage. Must be T'ai Chi expert and familiar with multiple body-rub techniques. Must have own chili recipe (no celery). Must bathe, not shower. Must have working command of Latin (hear it, speak it, order and hail cabs in it). Should have own collection of Johnny Tillotson records. Command of knots is vital. Must adore the color red. Must be willing to submit to oral-pedal penetration. Must have firm, long, well-lacquered nails. Must enjoy buttock derision and rum puppies. Must be into body paint by numbers. Should have high-pitched squeals and throaty grunts. Must be expert with Chinese brim pluckers. Must know available hedpropylist for group knee bends. Must be well versed in pasta fixations. Must have own

flesh-pulley equipment and collection of travelogues, intermission reels, and wrestling magazines (circa 1950-54, good to mint condition, bagged for clean and easy storage). Must possess own lifelike false face and iron-on refrigerator decals. Must be familiar with various fun party games, such as Supermarket Peekaboo, and Who's Got the Guppy Wrench? Must be heavily into nostalgia. Must collect ice-cream scoops and beer-can molds. Must have variegated nipples (1" to 1 1/4" horizontal only...minor variance of up to 1/16" okay). Must have own seltzer bed and tugbowl equipment. Should have bright disposition and long fuse. Must have own set of tonga plugs (his, hers, like new, or forget it). Must be able to decipher the following: FHDSS YR FMDXSZHDVN HD FKKKKLAVM, JFFE TI! DNQQD HDL CLSKD OAZZJRT? Clue: Y=Y. Must be patient, discreet, and charming. Must have semipro porno background and yet be technically a virgin (please, no bicycle-seat/picket-fence tales). Must have northern European background, with papers to prove it. Should know and be capable of tutoring others in the traditional cross-country donkey

paddle. Must have own collection of porcelain barnyard animals. Should enjoy cinnamon suppository treatment and wearing Victorian corsets. Must know Japanese secret of Jell-O inflation. Can be pensive but not moody. Must dig roller opera. Must possess lots (I mean it) of ketchup. Should enjoy keeping copious notes. Must be able to compose own satirical Gregorian chants. Must like pizza, beer, and country-and-western music (own jukebox would be nice, but not necessary). Should be acquainted with the many uses of cable grips and lockstraws. Can't be shocked by my drag habits and trans-species getups. Must chain-smoke and be gifted with accompanying hoarse cough (bellowing, rippling, and liquid...I love it). Multiple credit cards a necessity. Must not have job. Should be well versed in Benji bells and seed puckers, and be willing to share the dual joys of my baked-bean-bag chair. Must blush on command, and have a dreamy kind of toilet wit about herself. Must realize, "A shaved private part is the way to my heart!" Should know what a Toe Bunny is and be willing to eat one if

continued on page 26

The advertisement features a large, golden beer glass on the left with a white label that reads "MOLSON" at the top and "GOLDEN" at the bottom. The label has a central window showing a scenic landscape of a lake, mountains, and trees. To the right, a smaller bottle of Molson Golden beer stands next to a glass filled with beer and a white head of foam. The background is dark, making the golden glass and bottle stand out.

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

PLANET

Formula for Death

Powdered baby formula ravaging Third World

Dug Dust, Cardboard Breast, Tit-Bits, Flour Power, Lactéal Lily, the Nestlé Nipple, Mam-Mulch—

—By whatever name, so-called instant baby formula is big business these days; billions of dollars big, since the United Nations voted last May to ban the sale of breast-milk substitutes in developing countries. What U.N. lawmakers failed to

recognize, however, was that millions of Third World infants actually prefer powdered products to nursing and, in fact, are physically and psychologically dependent on them. It is no surprise, then, that the interdiction of supply has fostered an illicit "white" market that has, in only three months, exploded to insuperable proportions.

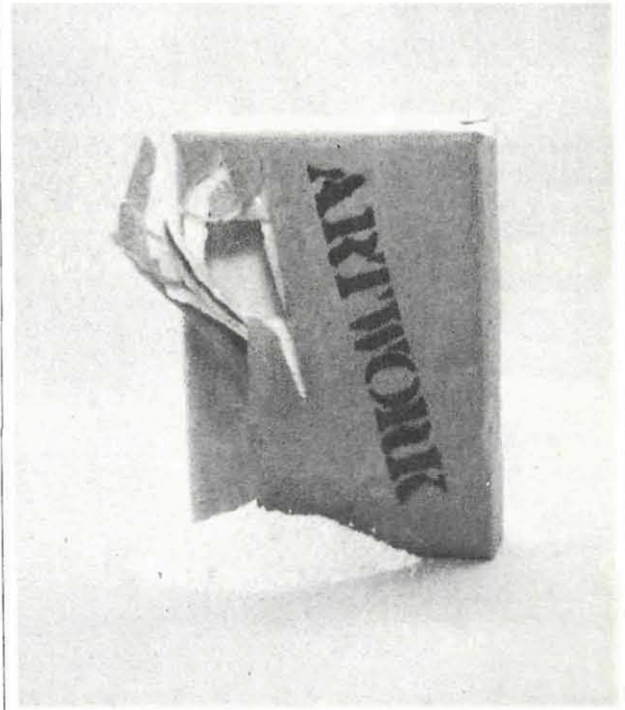
The price of pure, unadulterated milk powder, once three dollars a pound, is now a dizzying fifty dollars an ounce. The number of babies dying from poor-quality powder, "cut" by unscrupulous middlemen with oftentimes toxic additives to increase profits, has risen to the thousands per annum. Thousands more perish or suffer catastrophic

injury while attempting toddles and crawls of dozens of miles through brutal desert heat and crowded barrio streets to "score" their Dug Dust in sordid dens where the white powder is frequently dispensed at less than 5 percent purity and, in many instances, from a single common, unwashed bottle.

The nexus from manufacture to consumption is long and serpentine, obscured at every turn by the devious ingenuity and clandestineness of professional criminals. This sequence of transactions illustrates a typical powdered baby formula operation:



Manufactured legally in the United States, powdered baby formula output far exceeds national needs. At present rates, 155 pounds of pure milk powder are produced for every man, woman, and child in this country—every day.



Dummy wholesalers buy "uncut" powder at \$3.10 a pound, disguise the boxes, double the price, and sell the formula to smugglers.

continued



The contraband is transhipped in sophisticated aircraft, boats, and trucks, frequently along established routes, known in the argot of the trade as "milk runs."



Greedy middlemen receive delivery at twelve dollars a pound, dilute the powder to half strength, and break it down into two-ounce "burpies" that net upwards of twenty dollars each.



Packets are distributed to individual dealers on the streets, in bars, wherever police have been bribed to "look the other way."



This "crib," or "bottle gallery," as they're often called, is where most illicit powdered milk finally squirts its way into the mouths of craving, desperate Third World babies. According to health officials, conditions in these places are frightful, yet toddlers barely a year old stream into them like slavish zombies, trading valuable family possessions, pilfered cash, or even their bodies for a taste of rancid, cloudy, often harmful liquid that usually leaves these infants so malnourished that they have no alternative but to beg for more.

OTHER PLANETS

Time Is Money

Agents for the Urvonian government have revealed that Urvon-13 has begun to mint a new, cylindrical coin worth approximately \$.35 U.S. The specie, thirteen centimeters wide, nine centimeters deep, and weighing nearly six ounces, is embellished with rubberized pods containing minute amounts of RDO, a powerful dynamic material believed to influence the dimension of time. Officials here lodged an immediate protest, complaining that the use of RDO in money is proscribed by treaty, and that its prolonged circulation in interplanetary financial markets might reduce the length of an Earth year by

as much as six months. Urvonians counterclaim that inasmuch as they respect our calendar, RDO is the only substance in their culture that is perceived as having a value of \$.35. "Coins are not mere tokens or symbols to us," the agents stated. "Urvonians deal in tangibles and absolutes. When an Urvonian thinks of thirty-five cents, he thinks of RDO, and thus we must use it or simply do without the denomination of thirty-five cents altogether." The matter will be referred to the Council on Lor-XI, which, should it decide against the Urvonians, may fine them up to 1,000 striped rods.

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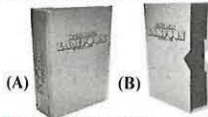
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LITEREMIA

A Tale of Two Mysteries

Turnabout is foul play for well-Red writer

The Soviet Union's Ministry of Best-Selling Books has announced publication of *Central Park*, by M. Artyn Kruzsmitskaya. The author, until now known for his prodigious output of genre paperbacks, such as *Love's Heavy Industry* and *Gunfight at the Leningrad Domestic Appliance Distribution Warehouse*, makes his hardcover debut with a book many are suggesting constitutes the official Soviet response to Martin Cruz Smith's *Gorky Park*.

Russian literary officials maintain that the Kruzsmitskaya novel "has nothing whatsoever at all completely to do with" Smith's book, but the parallels are striking. *Gorky Park*, a "police procedural" set mostly in Moscow, details the struggle of Chief Homicide Investigator Arkady Renko to solve the grisly murder of three Siberians found, frozen, in one of the city's more pleasant parks. *Central Park* concerns Chief Illegal Murder Inspector Arnold Ringo and his efforts to solve the killings of three tourists from Alaska whose bodies are found,

freeze-dried, in an ice-cream wagon near the Central Park Zoo.

Renko's investigation affords the reader an absorbing view of Soviet society: the hypocrisy and ineptitude of its government, the routine daily drunkenness among its citizens, and the frustration and fear of life in an economy in which the standard of living seems to be continually declining. Kruzsmitskaya's portrait of American society shows the same thing.

"It is a coincidence that the two books are so complementary, and, in addition, I do not know what you are talking about," explained Soviet Minister for Unconvincing Denials Yuri Popmusikoff. "For behold: Smith's book has as its central mysterious figure an American importer of furs, while Comrade Kruzsmitskaya's central enigma is a valiant, intelligent, good-humored Russian. Clearly, these are two different books that have nothing to do with one another, although naturally I have never heard of either of them."

MEDICINALIA

Gourds and Gorings

Recreating the flavor and magic of Mexican surgery

Most Americans believe that the two easiest things to get in Mexico are sick and a medical-school degree. This was the stigma facing James Gilley, twenty-five, who, after six grueling weeks of study, graduated from Guadalajara's prestigious *Todos Nocha Instituto de Medicina y Grillado*.

Though he had finished first in his class in the treatment of gorings from bulls, no hospitals in his native Minnesota would hire him, feeling his diploma was not worth the vinyl it was printed on.

But Gilley would not allow his education to hold him back; instead, he set up

private practice in an abandoned Minneapolis ice house, which he dubbed "Adobe Gilley's." "At my place, I try to recreate the flavor and magic of Mexican surgery," says Gilley, "but with clean instruments." Though the young doctor confesses a lack of surgical training, he has tried to compensate with flamboyant showmanship. "Sometimes it surprises patients when I enter the operating room as a mariachi, or wearing my flashy Mayan serpent head," says Gilley. He also shuns conventional anesthesia, preferring to lull patients to sleep by singing "*Cielito Lindo*." Such techniques have brought him dozens of satisfied customers and hundreds of less sat-

isfied ones in the short time he has been in practice. "When I was just starting out, I accidentally left a pair of gourds inside a patient and he slipped into *el siesta permanente* [coma]," Gilley admits. "But I've learned a lot in the month since."

There are drawbacks to Gilley's novel applications of Mexican medical techniques. His "authentic jumping-bean-powered cardiac pacemakers" have to be replaced every three weeks, if the patient lasts that long. And his surgical procedure—suspending patients from a ceiling, piñatalike, and striking them with a stick until they open up—has distressed more orthodox physicians, "though the kids love it," Gilley adds.

BUSINESS AND DOLLARS

Rising Interest in Economy

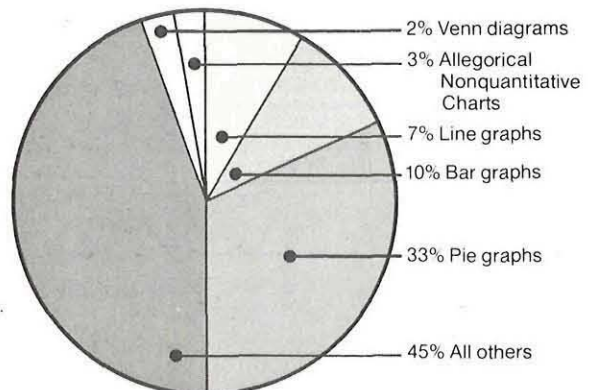
Interest rates rated more interesting

Due to rising interest rates, a greater number of people are becoming interested in the economy, and people are displaying greater interest than at any time in the last six months. Mrs. Paul Volcker, wife of Federal Reserve Board chairman Mr. Paul Volcker, has been among those to benefit from the growing interest in the economy. For

the first time since her husband took his position she herself has begun to receive interest and to be described as "interesting."

* * *

The Securities and Exchange Commission is investigating whether or not small short interests held by midgets and dwarfs in certain commodities violate antitrust provisions. Fur-



Pie graph shows American graph production for October.

ther SEC news: The agency is trying to determine if the Parker Brothers' Monopoly monopoly constitutes an illegal monopoly. This promises to be confusing.

* * *

The bond market has been up sharply over the past month, largely due to increasing purchases of bail bonds by Negroes, Hispanics, and other minorities engaged in self-employed criminal business. This trend is expected to continue. Mr. Paul Stack, of Big Paul's AAA Bail Bonding of Miami, Florida, expects his company's third-quarter profits to rise over 40 percent. He does not know if this is due to "more people getting busted" or "stupider crooks startin' out."

Spot prices for crude oil were off slightly last month. Spokesmen for refiners said the oil was simply becoming "too crude." Steve Erickson, purchasing manager for Three Ring Refining Company, said, "We were finding all kinds of things in the oil—dead slugs, insect wings, handkerchiefs, and dog shit. Crude oil is one thing, but the stuff that has been on the market lately has been really disgusting."

* * *

NBC is being sued by Rwandan Airlines for allegedly breaching an agreement to supply the African carrier with "trained pilots." NBC claimed that the contract with the airline did not specify what kind of pilots and that it was within its legal rights to sell the airline the six comedy pilots produced for the network by Matty Simmons.

*Edited by Tod Carroll.
Contributions by T.C.,
Al Jean, Michael Reiss,
Brian McCormick, and
Ellis Weiner.*

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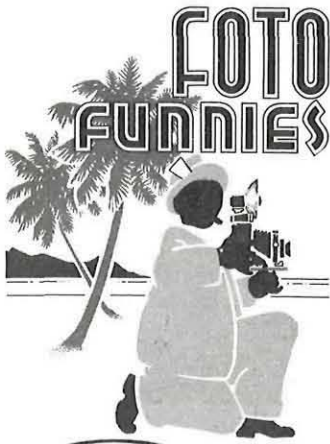
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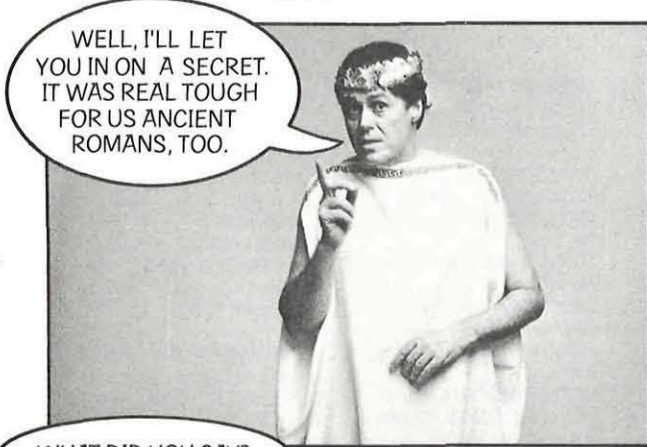
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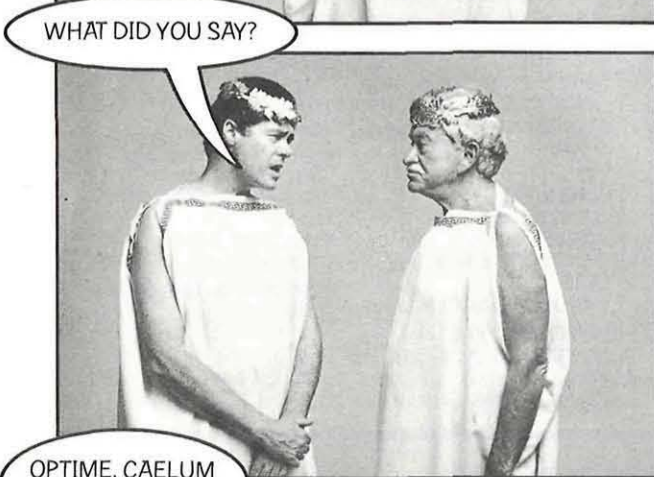
YOU REMEMBER HOW TOUGH LATIN WAS IN SCHOOL?



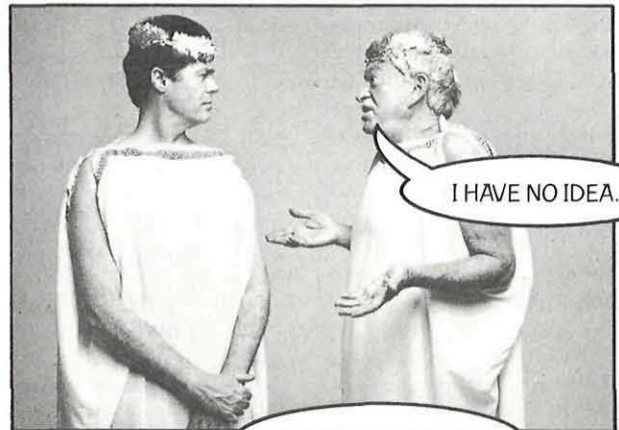
WELL, I'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET. IT WAS REAL TOUGH FOR US ANCIENT ROMANS, TOO.



AVE, FLUVIUS, ATQUE SALVE!



WHAT DID YOU SAY?



I HAVE NO IDEA.



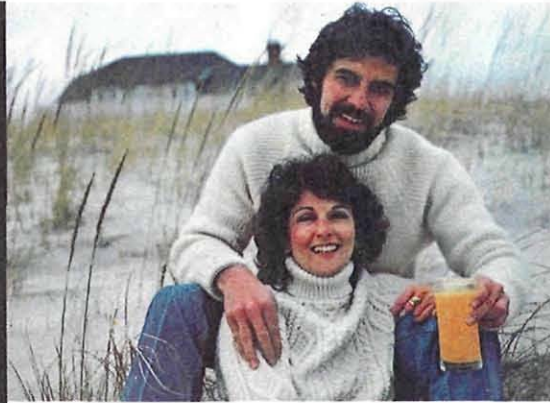
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Luis Soto, film director and his wife, Laura Mola, lawyer.

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LETTERS

continued from page 16

necessary. Must stay for the night. Must be willing to submit to Oriental weight training and cigar bends. Should be blessed with a housewife's sense of the carnally absurd. Own lubrication devices a must. College degree okay. Must prefer the spelling t-e-a-t-s to the vulgarized American version. Should exercise a modicum of discretion when performing oral sex in crowded restaurants. Must be willing to tutor me in bathtub bowling and capricious rest-room behavior. Should be lithe enough to perform prolonged monolingus. Must have pleasant (not too professional) smile.

No weirdos, KM freaks, sock bandits, Germans, riot types, caviar mechanics, funnel gunners, bartenders, whale shapes, fannie floats, screamers, scotch mongers, scarfaces, nose bleeders, nurses, sharecroppers, sickies, limb lickers, bug lovers, bondage burgers, real-estate types, strictly orals, B&T, S&K, hairy foxes, lesbians, leather cupcakes, oil merchants, fattos, baldies, tailor mades (maids), nukes, masc/dom, biwingers, prominent noses, loop lovers, fifty-inch wonders, Polaroidos, Midwesterners, swap jockies, transsexuals, vacationers, short termers, ex-cons, civil servants, waddle butts, shame mongers, home wreckers, scoot bunnies, pros, roil tops, submissos, wick burners, schoolmarms, nonconfidentials, no-tastes, cellulites, piano ribs, perverts, ale suckers, rowdies, rag bait, cross-eyeds, six footers, celebrities, colony canaries, clay bods, left-handers, snide types, vinyl pants, moonies, retailers, crazies, lounge lizards, high-heelers, discos, porkballs, roadhogs, sveltos, PWTs, portlies, irreverents, punks, seedlings, and wacko-fetish types need apply.

Joe
Box 3634899347669
Murphy's Blazer, N.Y. 12014

Sirs:

Hi! I'm one of those clean, wholesome, natural-looking girls who write in to the Ivory Soap people so that they'll be put in a TV commercial. You've probably seen me. I'm the girl with the pigtailed, freckles, button nose, and winsome little smile, the one who looks like she eats wheat-germ pancakes and sunflower seeds for breakfast.

Well, I just wanted to tell you that I'm actually a two-buck whore from

downtown Tijuana who fucks burros and lets American businessmen stick dollar bills up her flue. Crazy, huh? Well, I explained all this to the Ivory Soap people, but they just said, "Fuck it! Just as long as you're a natural whore."

Chili Pepper
Tijuana, Mexico

Sirs:

The most boring job in the world is sitting down here in the missile silo, your finger hovering over a lonely little red button while you wait for a call that never comes, listening to some damn farmer over your head singing, "The corn is as high / as an elephant's eye," every goddamn day. It makes a guy think pretty strange thoughts, you know?

Lonesome Larry Johnson
Despondent under a cornfield
But I can't tell you which cornfield

Sirs:

All right, it seems you won't stop pestering me till I tell you: that wonderful-smelling stuff that Catherine Deneuve is always dabbing behind her ears for that "special moment" is actually made of sweat from terrorized ocelots, ground-up placentas, and old hyena sperm. Now, wouldn't you rather refuse to believe this information, block it from your memory, forget you ever wondered about it, and go back to drooling over Catherine Deneuve and her Chanel No. 5 spray bottle of cologne? I thought so.

Maurice Laquiche
London, Paris, New York

Sirs:

I just couldn't take it. Having to listen to Nixon and Agnew and Ford and Carter and, finally, the last straw, Haig. He finally broke me. I sat down last night and I made up a new word. This new word is a combination of the terms *Amazon*, denoting a mythical nation of superhuman women, and *mammaries*, denoting the milk-producing glands of the female mammal. Put them both together and what have you got? *Mamazons!* When is the word appropriately used? When referring to a woman with big tits! That goddamned Haig.

William Safire
The New York Times
New York

Sirs:

I'm a toilet in Watts. I would like to go on record as having flushed down, to date, 875 bobby pins, 137 Afro-sized hair rollers, 83 tubes of hair-straightening gunk, a half-gallon of blond hair dye, and several excrement-encrusted pages of *Roots*. Also, 138 Tuinals, 4 bags of Colombian weed, a half-ounce of coke, and, believe it or not, 4 crumpled Cadillac hubcaps. Personally, I would like to see more narco-squad raids on my apartment building, as those last substances were rather enjoyable. Except for the hubcaps.

A toilet
Watts, Cal.

Sirs:

You want to know what the most unpopular name in the world is? It's Mickey. I mean, no one wants to be named Mickey. Who do you know that's named Mickey? Mickey Spillane, Mickey Mouse, Mickey Rooney, and Mickey Finn. That's the works, and losers every one. A psychopath, a giant rodent, a midget, and some knockout drops. I mean it. It's a terrible name.

M. Michaels
Ruggles, Iowa

Sirs:

I would appreciate it if the person who put Crazy Glue on the subway seat last Friday night would come forward and explain to my wife why I came home a day late and without my pants. She does not believe me. There will, of course, be an appropriate reward.

Arnold Nibbit
New York

Sirs:

I wonder if it's too late to ask you not to publish the letter I wrote you before. Merryl says you make them all up anyway, but I don't know. Anyway, the thing is, like, you know how moms are, when I told Terri I wrote the letter, she goes, How long did it take, and I go, About an hour, and so she goes, Well, they owe you \$1,500, and then she gets real mad and hits me with the Bad Girl paddle and locks me in the closet, and I've been in here for, like, hours, so please excuse the writing, it's hard in the dark. And I can hear her making calls and stuff and

you could be in big trouble. I guess it's because Terri and I are such good friends and really love each other so much. Now I'm giving Uncle Sergio this letter to bring to you, but I really didn't like the look he gave me when I said I'd do anything if he would. God. But don't be mad at Mom, I mean Terri, even if she, like, sues you or something; it's just that we're best friends and she really loves me and her life's been so hard and stuff, okay? Sorry.

Love,
Brooke

Sirs:

After leaving the Senate building, I happened to notice a U.S. money order for \$1,000, payable to the bearer, lying on the sidewalk. Assuming that someone had lost it, I picked it up, thinking to find the rightful owner at the earliest possible opportunity. Imagine my surprise when I saw an identical note further along the sidewalk. Naturally I pocketed that money order as well, with the same honorable intention in mind. Can you guess what I saw next? You'll be no less flabbergasted than I was: a great long trail of \$1,000 money orders stretching out along that sidewalk! I carefully retrieved the notes, each time feeling a surge of civic pride as I performed my sacred duty to recover, thereby saving from theft or destruction, all this American wealth. Innocently I followed the mysterious trail of money orders down the sidewalk, across a lawn, up a flight of stairs, and into an apartment hitherto never seen by myself. There, to my naive astonishment, an entire roomful of FBI agents grabbed me and placed me under arrest. The trumped-up charge? You won't believe this: *accepting a bribe*. These were, of course, the very same FBI agents who had "planted" the sidewalk with the trail of "lost" money orders in a devious, backstabbing plot to smear my good name and destroy an uncompromised record of national service. Shame, shame and dishonor, on the FBI. If this wasn't entrapment, then I will eat the pages of my mother's Bible, chapter and verse. I mean, you try to do the right thing, and what does it get you?

Senator Harrison
("Honest Hank") Williams
Washington, D.C.

continued on page 67

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WRESTLER'S PARTY HINTS

continued from page 10

and enemies!

Dress your guest of honor in a pie-bald jester's suit made out of glossy sateen, with the sandals of cotton flannel, tipped by silver bells. Have him prance about the "King's Court" to "The Tune of the Hop-Skip Traveler," played by Danny McDooley and His Pipers Three. Loose a randy toad on him, to keep the fellow hopping. Now, pepper him with questions submitted by the wrestling wits in the crowd that gathers 'round him.

Here are some sample japes for your jackanape, with matching answers. They're absolutely killing!

1. Name a Longfellow souvenir. (A section of bamboo.)
 2. What is a fried jewel box of the sea? (An oyster.)
 3. What are two slices of bread and the fruit of the emblem of peace? (An olive sandwich.)
 4. What is called "The Mummy of the Mound Builder"? (A stuffed mole.)
 5. A food with which Canaan was said to flow? (Custard, which is made from milk and honey.)
 6. Name a drink (made from a berry) introduced to England in 1652 by a Greek shipping magnate. (Coffee.)
- The poor fool will be hard-pressed to discover the proper rejoinders to these merry posers! He will dance around, most likely, nipped at by the toad and puzzled by your puzzlers. In his frenzy he will not see that what you are asking for is, quite simply, the evening's menu: oysters served on bamboo shoots, olive sandwiches, a

stuffed mole, custard, and an after-dinner coffee treat of your own devising.

Once the silly harlequin learns of his dullness, surely he will wish a rain of blows upon his head and shoulders, and your guests will willingly oblige him. Might we suggest beginning with a swinging neckbreaker, so popular in the provinces, with several head butts as a follow-up maneuver. Of course, the cavalier in you might desire something less formal, less delicate. Have your guests unsnap their collars with a flying atomic skull crusher, or perhaps the less distinguished but more widely accepted nerve-stropping bone popper. Why not throw away the rule book and invent your own moves? It's scads of fun, and your guests will delight in attempting to best each other by inflicting egregious amounts of pain on each other's person. But remember: losers must die...artfully, with the proper precautions taken, which will guarantee the quality of the pulverized skulls resulting therefrom.

A Floral Progressive Euchre Party²

Here's a new event for you! It begins with a pie plate full of flowers floating in water and ends with prizes of burnt wood arranged in the shape of an Indian head. What happens in between is dependent upon the wittiness of the players.

The flowers are used to keep score as your guests engage in a bit of gambling as to the outcome of a no-holds-barred Texas Death Match between

²Suggested to us by Pierre the Giant, of Arkadelphia, Arkansas.

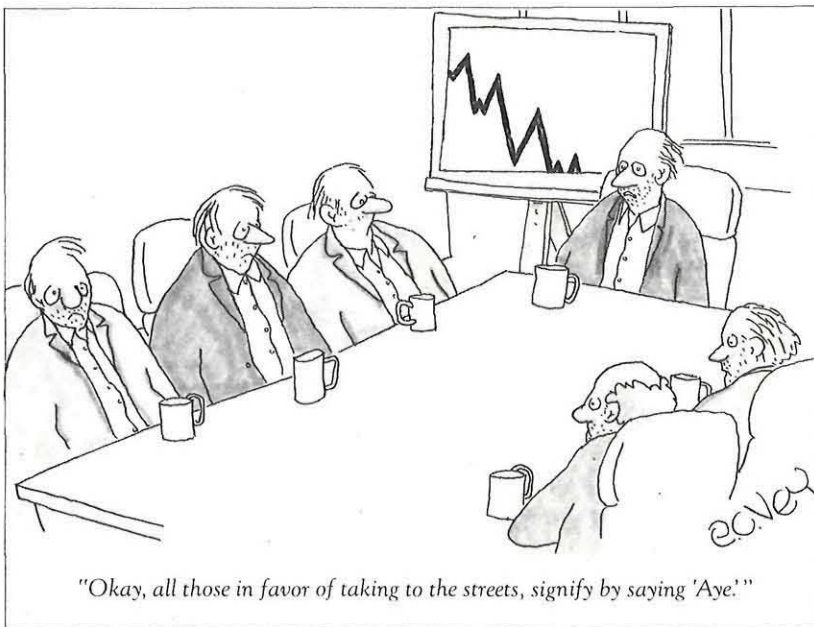
the two oldest of the females present. A steel cage is lowered over the ladies. Of course it is entwined with ivy and smilax, to no one's surprise! Then let the men weighing in regions above that of the 250-275-pound weight class bet on the outcome of the ensuing jollity by employing bits of burnt wood removed from the char bin of your chimney sweep as gambling chits. The gentlemen should lay down their bets in the shape of the head of an Indian chief of Algonquin descent. This will bring a rustic flavor to the evening that would otherwise be wastefully employed in the woods surrounding your estate.

Once the ladies' wrestling has settled into the old familiar patterns laid down by the French during the reign of Mad Prince Timmy, you'll want to serve a postprandial beverage consisting of two jiggers of gin, a dash of the wrestling ladies' perspiration (taking special care to remove said droplets from the underside of the ladies' dewy breasts), and just a sprig of woodbine as the swizzler *romantique*.

Announce each spine-wrenching gut kick with a toot on a dime-store cornet, much to the amusement of any undesirables who might happen by your laundry chute or chance to be in the (lamentable) habit of frequenting the neighborhood of your woodpile. You might choose to have your ladies in the cage enact the final "duel" scene between Hamlet and Laertes in Shakespeare's play regarding professional-wrestling trickery in medieval Denmark. Or, give your guests further occasion for mirth by filling the cage with dangerous insect pests from darkest Africa until the weaker of the ladies is covered by thousands of the angry clicking things.

An Easter Bonnet Party

Distribute bits of paper muslin and the very best in the way of glue pots to your guests. You will see some astonishingly lovely creations evolved by the sensible professional wrestler who knows how to stretch a dollar. His many years in the ring afford him the vantage to create peaked crowns with nodding tassels to please the studied eye, brimless caps based on his thorough knowledge of the proper use of streamers, and chimney hats for the Tall-Hatted Tragedian of Song in every wrestling troupe. Some hats will be so large as to give cause for yet another arrest in the less substantial theaters, for all the hat family will be there, and so will Mr. and Mrs. Fun. □



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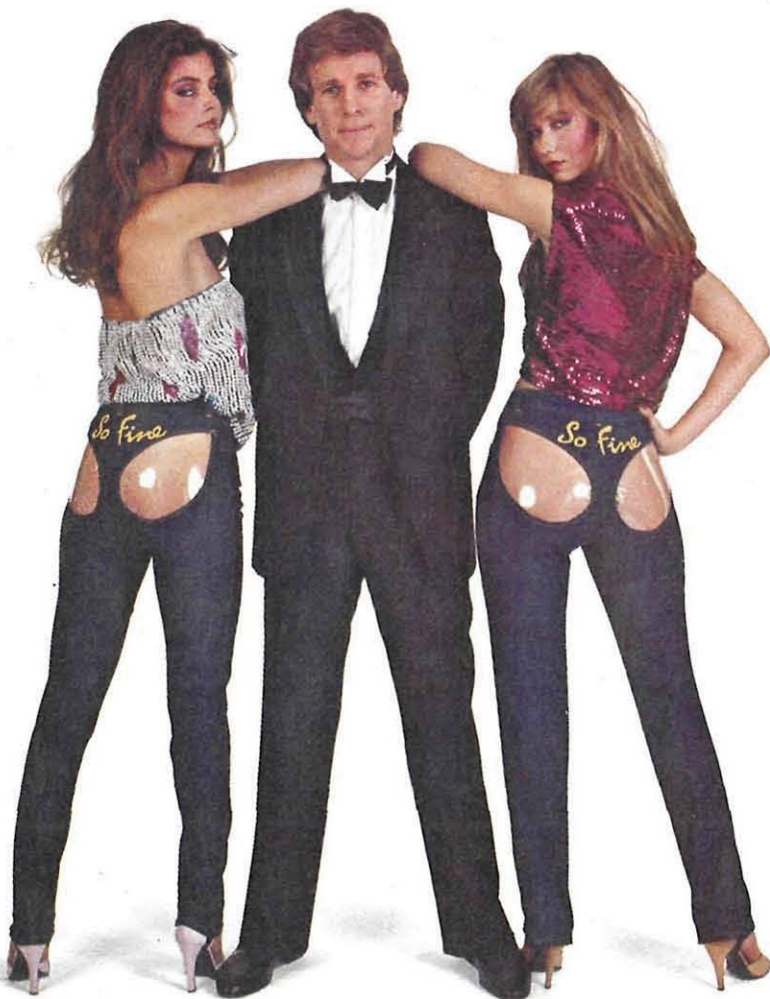
There are lots of other extraordinary features that make Platinum Series stereo radio cassette recorders pure platinum. Like Dolby,* linear-scale tuning, LED meters, tape program sensors, and more. There are more than 15 Platinum Series models, ranging in size from a mini version all the way up to a gigantic 3-piece portable hi-fi system with 8-inch speakers and guitar jacks. And all have the musical power that has Earth, Wind & Fire saying "Go Platinum. Panasonic Platinum."

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories. Batteries and tapes not included.

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MUSIC BY ENNIO MORRICONE PRODUCED BY MIKE LOBELL

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ANDREW BERGMAN

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COMING SEPTEMBER 25th

EXCLUSIVE: RONALD REAGAN'S SECRET STAG FILM

BY GERALD SUSSMAN

S ometime in the mid thirties, Ronald Reagan succumbed to one of the standard temptations a struggling young actor is offered in Hollywood, acting in a stag movie, to make ends meet. Those were the days when porn films were illegal, when they were strictly underground entertainment shown at private parties. Stag movies were a minor but active business in the film capital of the world, an offshoot of the drug, prostitution, and gambling empire of the Mafia. Where else could one find so many young, beautiful bodies in one place? Eager hopefuls ready to do anything to make a few dollars so that they could hang in for another month of studio casting calls, another month to battle and sleep their way to stardom.



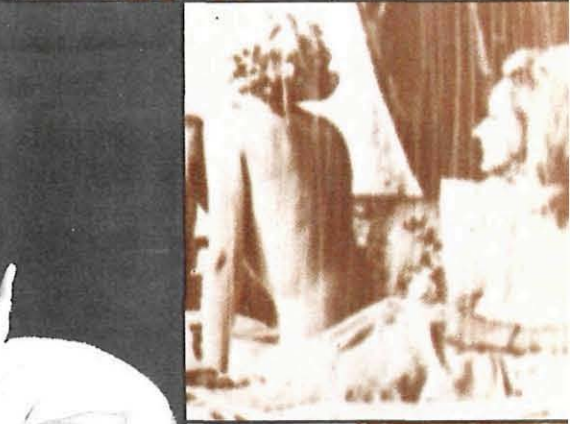
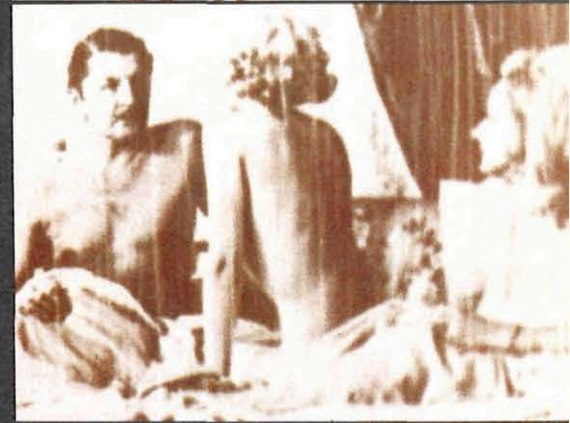
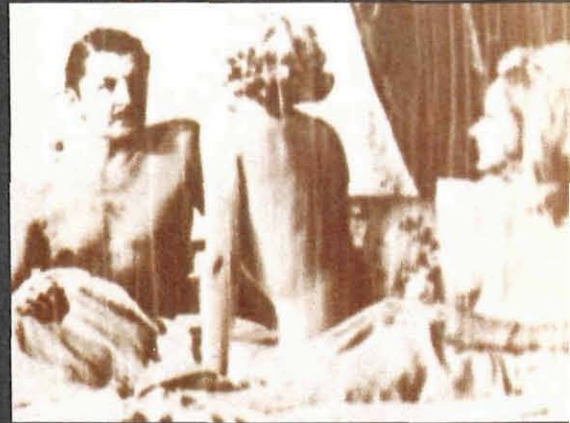


In an early scene in the film, Reagan is trying to convince one of the girls to stay with him, though she would rather be with Gary Cooper, who has just left the room.

Reagan wore glasses, a different hairstyle, and a mustache to disguise himself, but the shy, hesitant lover in the porn film bears a remarkable resemblance to the young Reagan.

For many, stag films were simply a "quick and dirty" way to survive. If you were to amass a roster of famous stars and Oscar winners who appeared in porn films in their youth, you could fill a dozen scrapbooks. It was simply a necessary evil, part of the torturous game called show business. Ronald Reagan played the game. He had the ambition and pride to make good in Tinseltown at any price.

The Ronald Reagan stag film was discovered in Amsterdam by a Dutch distributor who had bought a grab bag of odds and ends from an American "film library" company of dubious background. The print had probably gone unnoticed for over forty years, misfiled and mislabeled. It is called *Moderne Models* and features young Reagan as "Ralph," the "second banana," the guy who doesn't get the girl, which ironically was the kind of part he played for years in legitimate films. Even in *Moderne Models* Reagan is portrayed as Mr. Nice Guy, the guy who resists the temptation of the voluptuous, sex-crazed sirens, while his younger brother, "Steve" (played, incidentally, by one of Reagan's good friends in real life, Gary



In a visit to another brothel, Cooper gets two girls to seduce his unwilling brother. The voluptuous nymphomaniac on the left has just finished a highly erotic dance, while the other beauty is consoling a sad, limp Reagan, who is unaroused.

The crude makeup and disguise of the porn studio cannot hide the face of the boyish young actor from Warner Brothers.



Another sex failure for Reagan, despite the attempts of two more eager, skillful teachers. Note the similarity in the hairline, eyes, neck, and chin. The familiar furrowed brow would become a Reagan trademark.



Reagan apologizes to the two ladies after their heroic attempts to revive his virility. Ever the gentleman, he helps one of them with her bra, as the other rests after her exhausting performance.

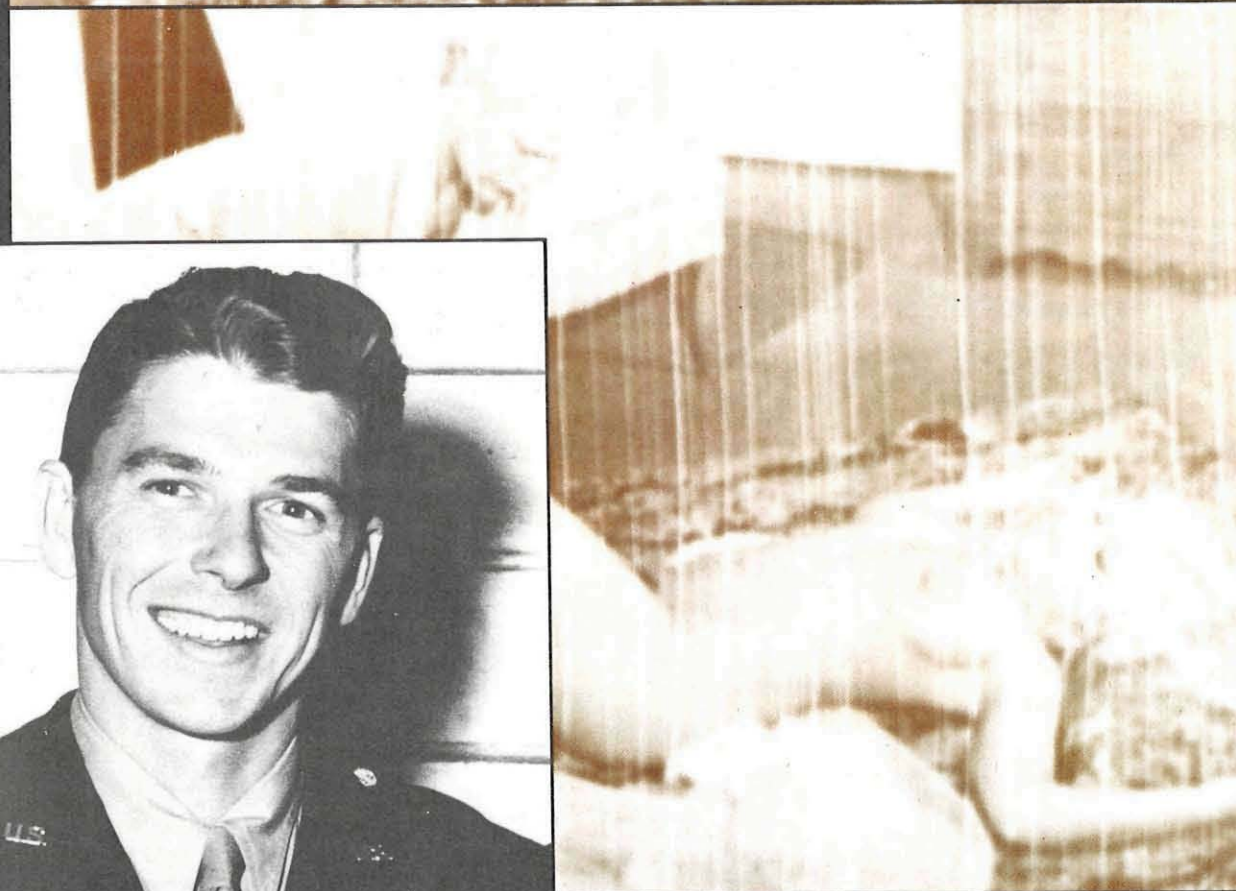
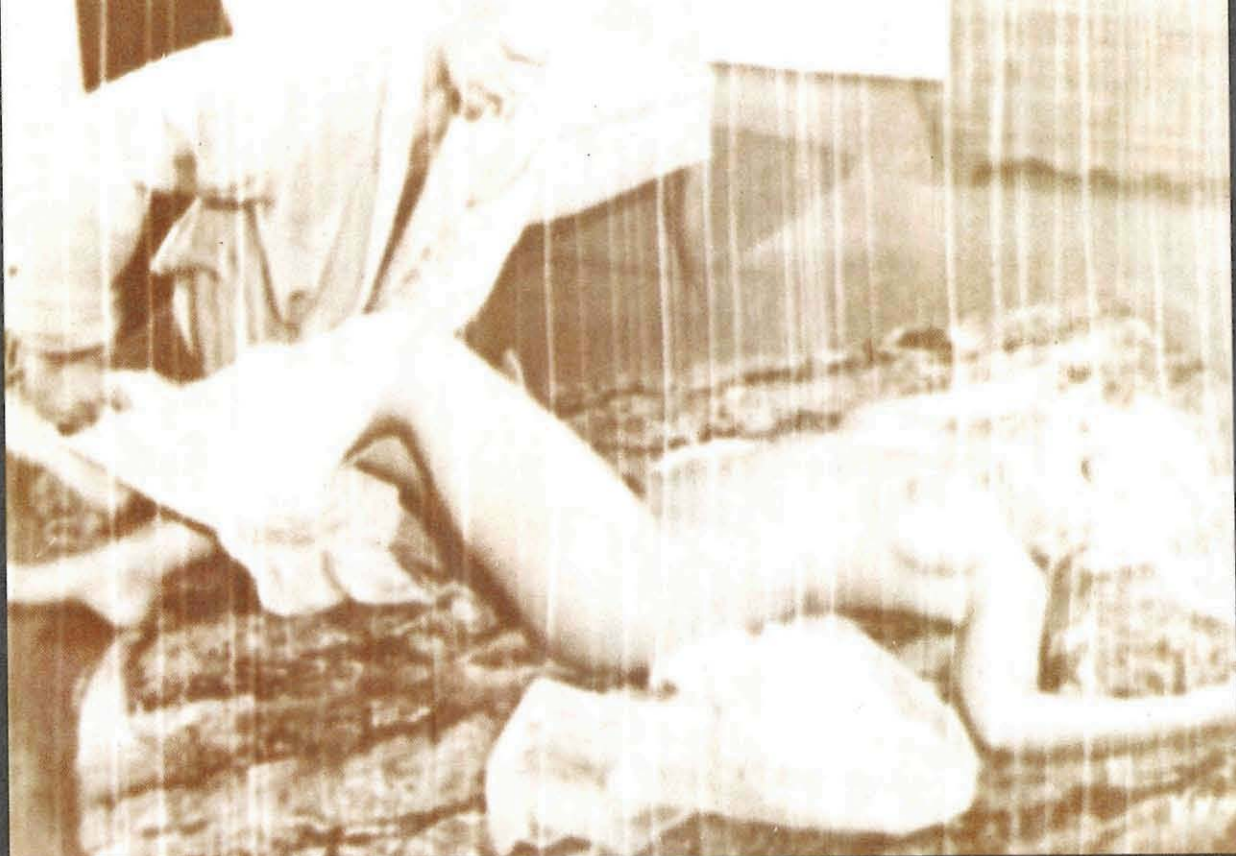
In an early publicity photo for Warners we see a more confident Reagan giving a swimming lesson to a young, budding starlet. There seems to be little question that the swimming instructor and the sexual failure are one and the same person.

Cooper), sinks deeper and deeper into a life of vice. Throughout the picture Reagan wavers between purity and wanton lust, but his vacillation, his obvious guilt, makes him impotent and he is stuck with only the oral sex acts for satisfaction.

According to some of the women who actually dated Reagan at the time, he was considered "more than adequate" as a lover and "halfway decent" in the oral specialties he performed in the stag film. Sam Wood, who directed Reagan in *King's Row*, in 1942, found him to be thoroughly masculine off screen and not entirely unappealing to the ladies. "He could be quite an exhibitionist at those wild parties," said Wood. On screen, Reagan conveyed an oddly naive sexuality, as if your father's old sharkskin suit that was hanging in the closet for years were suddenly filled with a near human shape. "In his pictures he always gave the impression that he wanted to be somewhere else," said director Michael Curtiz. That "somewhere else," that "other place," became to many female filmgoers a nice, comfortable bed, with a nice, friendly, naked guy named Ronald Reagan snuggling up to them, eager, smiling, ready to do anything they asked. In a certain sense, he is still doing the same thing today. □

As the "second banana" in the porn film, Reagan is forced to relegate himself to oral work. In the final scene, an epilogue that takes place thirty years later, he is still performing his specialty on a typical "blond bombshell" of the time.

Beneath the clumsy old-age makeup we still see the unmistakable Reagan features that have now become an indelible part of our way of life.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVE / UPI

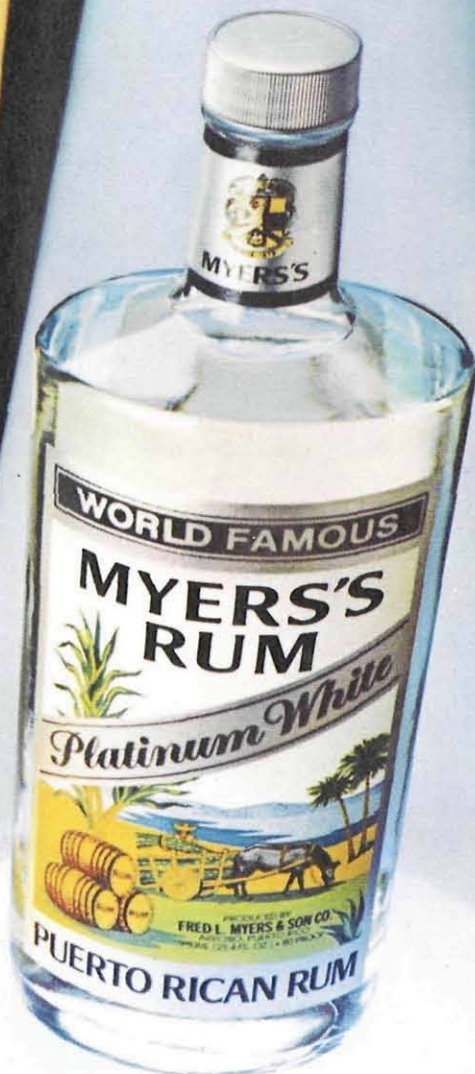
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MEXICAN DEATH

BY TED MANN

Dr. Chezito Squealazar is the director of the New Life Clinic in Ensenada, Mexico. The dark, elfin medical man is a specialist in the controversial branch of medicine known as "restorative therapeutics." Dr. Squealazar claims that by means of rigid diets, massages, and radiation-injection therapy he can restore a dead patient to life.

The doctor has become as notorious as he is popular, and his practice has been called everything from asinine to zany by more orthodox medicos. The Mexican doctor seems unconcerned by such attacks. His clinic continues to grow, and he brushes aside even near irrefutable criticism with a smile, quipping, "They said the same thing about Galileo and, more recently, publisher Larry Flynt."

Arriving at the New Life Clinic in Ensenada, I was greeted by Dr. Squealazar himself. He is a short, energetic man with eyes that look bruised from overwork. Brown eyes flecked with gold, they seem oddly alert and engaging in contrast to the exhaustion and dedication suggested by the surrounding flesh. His hair is close cropped and wearied by a skein of gray twisting down into neat sideburns.

"I am the terrible doctor...the madman," he cautioned with a rueful smile. His handshake was firm, but it had a strange, martyred quality.

Heading toward the clinic, he suggested a tour of the grounds. As we walked through the clinic's immaculate and costly irrigated arbors he spoke passionately and unguard-




I received a letter from Richard Petty," said Dr. Squealazar. "He said, 'If I ever die again, I'm all yours. I am also recommending you to my fast-living friends. You should get plenty *dinero*.'"



Elvis? Alive, yes. He's working as an Elvis imitator. He says he's trying to prove a point. Personally, I think he's nutty."



James Dean was very unhappy as an actor. After counseling he decided to try a new career and got a job in a gas station. You will admit he looks a lot like a guy who works in a gas station."



edly of his struggles.

"Since I have been a little boy I have dreamed of this. My own clinic. A cloistered oasis of healing and study. My dreams were selfish dreams. I wanted a place apart from the world, to practice healing and pursue my studies.

"For several years I did so. After I left medical school my practice was as conventional as could be imagined. Some I treated lived; others died. Then one evening I had an insight. It is as hard to explain as the meaning of a dream upon awakening. A door had been briefly opened to me and it changed my life. I knew I could recall the departed to life. Much as I wished to forget the awful knowledge, to shed the burden, it had been placed upon my shoulders that I might make it real."

The doctor shrugged. "Enough of this. I'm sure you would do the same. You are interested in seeing our patients?" He turned sharply and led the way up a slightly inclined path bordered with kempt and glossy shrubs toward the single-storied hospital building. It looked quietly expensive and carefully thought out. Could this be the site of ghoulish and exploitive medical flimflam?

Dr. Squealazar nodded to a pleasant-featured nurse seated at a reception desk. She returned his nod, then answered the phone, which rang with a muffled and discreet burr.

Walking down spotless hospital corridors, we passed banks of strange equipment. Tall green cylinders and arrays of blinking lights on panels: from these, hoses and wires led to various rooms, presumably occupied by patients. Occasionally the doctor would stop, pick up a clipboard from atop the equipment, and quickly check its information against that of the dials and gauges. Once, after studying a coil of slowly emerging graph paper, he made a short notation on the clipboard.

We passed employees. They seemed happy yet restrained; there was no banter or chat such as one normally finds in a hospital. One sensed a total absence of even the most minor confusion. There was no need for comment or query, so perfectly was the clinic ordered.

"Everything seems so perfect, so flawless. Is that why it is so...?"

"Yes," said the doctor quickly, "it seems strange at first to outsiders. Here everyone knows their job. Perfectly? Well, not quite. We are human too..."

"Here!" The doctor stopped. His sudden shout startled me. In the quiet precincts of the clinic it was as surprising as a chain of ladyfingers going off inside a briefcase in the British Museum.

"Our first celebrity patient. The cause of all the controversy. All the trouble. The actor. Steve McQueen." The doctor thrust open the door dramatically. Before us loomed an empty bed.

"Oh my gosh!" He lunged for a button at the bedside. Somewhere in the distance I could hear the sound of a regular but insistent chime. A buzzer in the room sounded and the doctor picked up a beige Princess phone and mumbled a few words into it.

Hanging up, he turned. He spoke with half a smile.

"It seems we have a slight problem. Mr. McQueen seems to have come back to life slightly more lively than we had anticipated. He has gone off. Such a vital man. It will set him back. I told him the last time. Some of them, they will not listen."

I asked the doctor about Mr. McQueen's past history.

"A difficult patient. We brought him back once before, you know. Not all the way, of course. He was still very sick. He had cancer, you know. He died of it once. We brought him back to life, but he had the cancer very bad. Still, he insisted on checking out. He thought once he was alive again he could get a quicky cure for cancer from this...this...*charlatan* in Tijuana. He ate apricot pits for a month and weed stew with wasps for crou-tons. Of course he died again and he had to come back to us. And now as soon as we've got him alive he runs off. Mark my words, he'll be dead again before two weeks are out, and this time I'm going to think very seriously before I take him back. When I think of the effort..."

The doctor stepped quickly across the hall, entering another room. There, lying amidst a welter of memorabilia and cards, his upper body slightly raised, was John Wayne. His eyes were closed and he was breathing regularly and audibly.

"You couldn't ask for a better patient than that," said Dr. Squealazar.

"Is he really alive?"

The doctor smiled at the naive wonderment of the question.

"Technically? No. Right now he is in a coma. He was alive last night, though, and he spoke a few words. It's too early for him to be brought permanently back. These things take time. If you try to rush, well, it can be bad for the patient...he can come back partly stupid, or worse."

"Doctor, if you don't mind my asking, what did Mr. Wayne say when he came back?"

"He asked if it was strictly necessary that we keep a 'garden hose' up his ass. Quite a joker."

The doctor made for the door. Lingering a moment, I glanced at one of the many cards beside the Duke's bed.

"Come back to life soon. We miss you, Duke," it said, and it was signed by the director John Huston.

As we walked down the hall I asked Dr. Squealazar to describe his methods—just how a patient is brought back to life. For a moment his shoulders hunched in suspicious tension. He relaxed as suddenly as a snapping rope.

"Yes, it is natural for you to ask. I see so few reporters. There are many who would steal what I have learned at such a cost. I must be careful. In the wrong hands the knowledge could be deadly. Awful. It scares me."

"Do you mean Hitler could be brought back to life?" I asked.

"Hitler! Oh, well. Yes. Of course. I was thinking more of celebrities like Charlie Chaplin. I tend to think

continued on page 90

HOLLYWOOD

The sins and scandals, the decadence and depravities of Hollywood and its stars have never ceased to fascinate the multitude. In the golden age of the twenties, Hollywood was aptly labeled the New Babylon. And even in the heart of the Depression, Tinseltown hardly skipped a beat in its crazed pursuit of sex, drugs, and new thrills.

But there was a deep underlying reason for this wild, wanton behavior—*pressure*. Both the stars and the studio execs lived and worked under the most extreme, insidious pressures that ever operated in American business. Every movie was an ultra-expensive gamble; every movie role could mean fame, or the flophouse, if the movie failed. The stars of Hollywood, envied by all, were also fair game for

the fickle public, who could worship them or tear them to pieces with neglect.

Life at the top was a huge pressure cooker, ready to explode at the slightest wrong move. Yet anyone in the public eye had to erect a facade, an *image*, that exuded both glamour and normality, to satisfy the public and the hypocritical moral code of the country. For many of Lotustland's finest it was simply too big an emotional load to bear. In order to survive, stars had to have an outlet, a secret pursuit that could relieve the unbearable tension. We are not referring to drugs or booze or sex orgies. No, these highly private pursuits were more special, more like hobbies and pastimes that would help the stars relax and keep their sanity in the craziest world of them all—the movies.

Bing Crosby, beloved crooner and star of hundreds of movies, including an Oscar-winning performance in *Going My Way*, liked to sneak into the ASPCA in

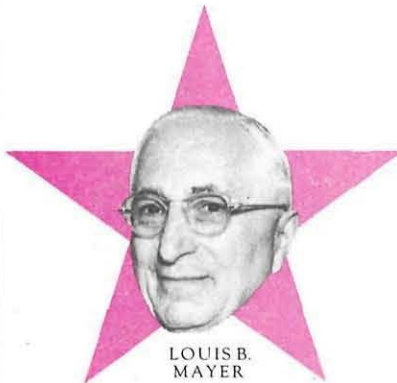


downtown Los Angeles and gas all the dogs and cats. He would wear a gas mask so as not to be identified. The attendants were all bribed lavishly to not reveal his

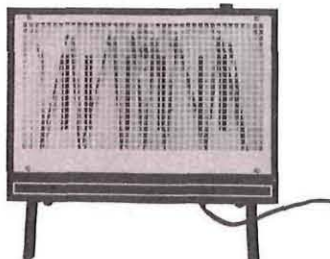


identity. He also liked to bite the penises off horses and make his sons watch.

Louis B. Mayer, the Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (M-G-M), hated Mormon girls, especially teenagers. He liked to invite four or five Mormon teen-



agers to his palatial mansion for poolside parties. Mayer would sit in a cabana chair, dressed in a long gingham dress with matching bonnet, smoke a big Havana



cigar, and watch the girls frolic in the pool in their daring two-piece bathing suits. At a prearranged signal, the mighty mogul would have his butler bring out a bunch of electric heaters and throw them into the pool, right in the middle of the girls, electrocuting all of them on the spot. He would then hush up the murders by handsomely paying off the parents.

James Dean, moody, volatile symbol of rebellious youth, had a trick swimming pool. With the help of some friends who worked in the special-effects department of a major studio, he created a perfect mirage. His pool looked like it was filled with blue, shimmering water,

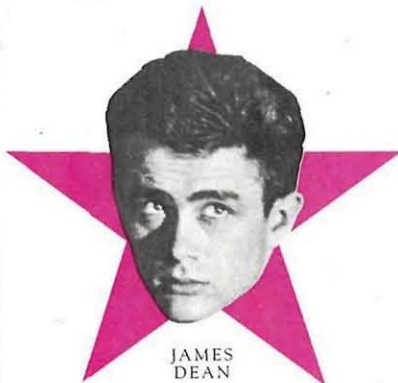
FACTOIDS

The Strange, Secret Pastimes of Hollywood's Stars and Moguls

by Gerald Sussman

when actually it was totally empty.

Dean had a diving board built out from the terrace of his bedroom, which



JAMES DEAN

was on the second floor, overlooking the pool. He liked to invite an unsuspecting groupie to his house, ply her with mas-



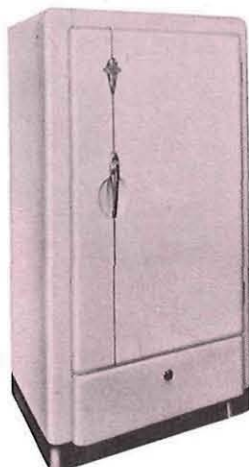
sive amounts of drugs, have sex with her while wearing an animal mask, and then coax her into a nude midnight swim in the pool. They would dive right from his bedroom. Only, ladies went first.

David Selznick, legendary studio head and maker of *Gone with the Wind*, liked to make homemade ice cream for his parties by taking ice cubes, rock salt, heavy cream, and other flavorings and ramming them up his anus. He would then seal his anus with tape and curl himself up into a massive home freezer for about three hours until the ice cream hardened. At the moment when dessert was supposed to be served he would jump up to the middle of the table, pull down his pants and shorts, and order his



DAVID SELZNICK

guests (most of whom were under studio contracts) to help themselves to his



homemade ice cream. He never tired of his standing joke "You can have any flavor you like, as long as it's chocolate."

Walt Disney, beloved master of animation, liked to paint fake highway dividing lines that would lead to a dead



WALT DISNEY

end, usually at the edge of a high cliff or mountaintop. He would go off late at night, when no one could detect him, and paint bright white lines on such thoroughfares as Malibu Canyon Road. Then he would hide somewhere nearby and wait for the inevitable sucker who would make the wrong turn, follow the wrong line, and drive right off the cliff.

Tallulah Bankhead, flamboyant star of stage and screen, had twenty-nine abortions during her wild and stormy life. She had all her fetuses pickled and



TALLULAH BANKHEAD

kept in jars. She claimed that the fetuses helped her to communicate with life on another planet. She also did private shows and "readings" with the little crea-



tures, putting them in puppet stages and doing all their voices from behind a black curtain. □

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Michael Moriarty.

You want Dyan Cannon. You'll settle for Sally Kellerman. You get Renee Taylor.

You want Donald Sutherland. You'll settle for George Segal. You get Elliott Gould.

You want George Segal. You'll settle for Elliott Gould. You get Donald Sutherland.

You want Elliott Gould. You'll settle for Donald Sutherland. You get George Segal.

You want Farah Fawcett. You'll settle for Kate Jackson. You get Katherine Ross.

You want John Belushi. You'll settle for Chevy Chase. You get Bill Murray.

You want Chevy Chase. You'll settle for Bill Murray. You get John Belushi.

You want Bill Murray. You'll settle for John Belushi. You get Chevy Chase.

You want Meryl Streep. You'll settle for Sigourney Weaver. You get Susan St. James.

You want Peter Falk. You'll settle for Charles Grodin. You get Ben Gazzara.

You want John Cassavetes. You'll settle for Harvey Keitel. You get Ben Gazzara.

You want Ellen Burstyn. You'll settle for Suzanne Pleshette. You get Susan St. James.

You want Mary Tyler Moore. You'll settle for Marsha Mason. You get Brenda Vaccaro.

You want Jill Clayburgh. You'll settle for Diane Keaton. You get Susan St. James.

You want Susan Sarandon. You'll settle for Margot Kidder. You get Susan St. James.

You want Albert Finney. You'll settle for Tom Courtenay. You get Oliver Reed.

You want Alan Bates. You'll settle for Malcolm McDowell. You get Oliver Reed.

You want Peter Ustinov. You'll settle for Orson Welles. You get Oliver Reed.

You want David Carradine. You'll settle for Keith Carradine. You get Robert Carradine.

You want Susan St. James. You'll settle for Florence Henderson. You get Shirley Jones.

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Housed in an acoustically optimized cylinder is a 4½” long throw woofer to fully reproduce midrange subtleties. A ¾” high frequency dome radiator tweeter to clearly bring in the high end. And a totally unique 4½” passive radiator.

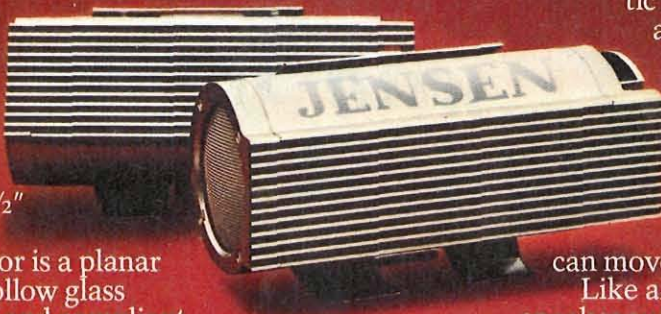
The passive radiator is a planar sheet of compressed hollow glass spheres, so lightweight and compliant that it effectively doubles the bass response of the J-2000.

With a 20 oz. Barrium Ferrite magnet and Nomex®

high temperature voice coil, the J-2000 can handle a substantial 55 watts of power. It has a sensitivity level of 93dB SPL, and brings in truly accurate frequency response of 40-16kHz.

The J-2000 extruded aluminum housing is elegance with a purpose. The solid extrusion is not only durable, but guarantees a perfect acoustic seal. And the J-2000 has a swivel mount that can rotate ± 30° to direct the sound where you want it. From the rear deck of a car, the wall of a van, or a shelf in a living room. Because the J-2000 disconnects quickly, you can move it easily.

Like all Jensen car stereo speaker systems, the J-2000 was innovated with one purpose: Sound performance. So if that’s what moves you, come hear it soon.



JENSEN
SOUND LABORATORIES
AN ESMARK COMPANY

When it’s the sound that moves you.

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Journal of the Making of an Antinuclear Feminist Clayworks Statement on Mental Retardation

DAY 1:

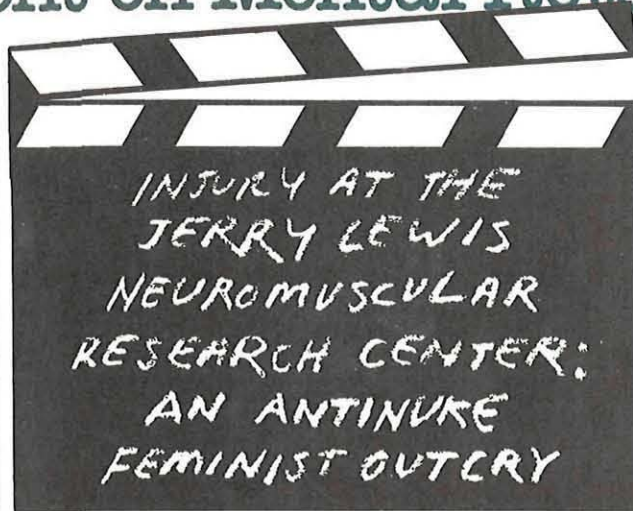
So much we women must do—so little time to do it in. More on this tomorrow. Must run today's stock over to the Kodak Fotomat and Emergency Quiche Dispensary Hut on Sunset Boulevard. Be back in a jiff!

DAY 2:

Phew! Sorry about that, but I met Paolo on his way to the Athenian Hoagie Spa on Wilshire and had to say hi. That "man" never gives up. Doesn't he know that I'm seeing Springshowermat now? I thought the healthy wax-fruit glow of my cheeks would tip him off that I am more satisfied now than ever before; and I will be even more satisfied when my woman and I cop the Academy and his antihandgun, male-paranoiac, countereffective, only-props-the-system-up dribble is hooted out of Century City by the critics. What's it called? Oh, of course it's *The Day They Blew Kennedy's Head Off and Left Just a Bloody Stump*. Not too self-indulgent, sensationalist, male exploitationist, and all that only-goes-to-show-you nonsense. And I thought he really cared about my internal bodily organs when he told me he was going to put me in his documentary. Typical. That's what they told the Indians too.

DAY 3:

Can you believe it? I can't believe it. Can you believe it? You won't believe this, but Paolo called me up today and made a disparaging remark about bisexuals. He said, and I quote, "Yeah, I'm bisexual, too—I sleep only with two women at a time." Well! Of course I hung up on him. That does it. Tomorrow we begin the funds search for *My Migraine at the Jerry Lewis Neuromuscular Research Center*. That's just the working title. Springshowermat wants to call it *Jerry Lewis versus All the Bad People in the Whole World*. Paolo called to apologize; then he insulted all humanity by saying the film should be called *The Ultravixens Take On*



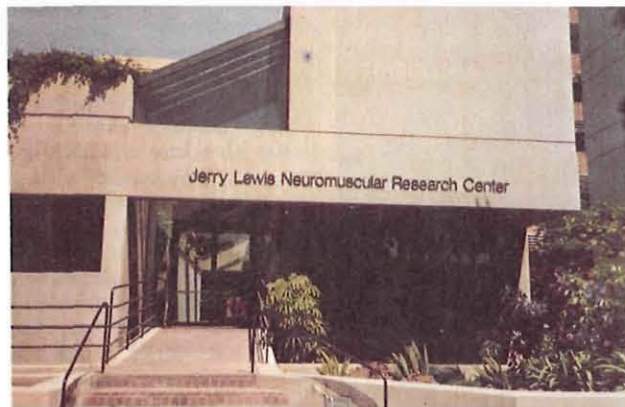
Winner: Best Documentary Made by Anorectic Women, Considering What They Have to Go Through Every Day

Winner: Best Documentary Comedy-Adventure Animation by a Lesbian, All Things Considered

Winner: Best Documentary Made with Hysterical Bald-Headed Women in Mind, Giving Them the Benefit of the Doubt

City Hall. I reminded him that the film will take place within the confines of the Jerry Lewis Neuromuscular Research Center, and he asked me if I take out my brain and leave it in a glass next to my

bed at night. Proving once again he just has the hots for me. After I hung up I wept for humankind. Then Springshowermat came over and we had sex and a good cry afterward.



This is where it all comes together—the mime classes, the voice lessons, the endless pratfalls Jerry puts his kids through... He really makes Hollywood happen for his talented stable of aspiring handicapped kids.

DAY 4:

Wow! Awesome—I am totally tubed to the max today. We took a lunch with Nancy Walker—you know, the "quicker picker-upper" on the more-absorbent-towel commercial and the director of that Village People movie—and you know what? She has agreed to begin to consider thinking about trying to find the time to find money to develop our cooperative filmic effort! She is all woman. And by that I mean she is a practicing anorectic. She eats only flat foods, to keep her tummy flat, like bread slices and flat Coca-Cola. Springshowermat thinks I'm hot to trot for her because she reminds me of my mother—only, her hands are softer. My psychiatrist told me I need to work this out by doing more dishes. So I have agreed to do his dishes for the next few years. A small price to pay for such an understanding man, a man who treats me as an equal. Paolo called and when I told him the news he asked if Nancy Walker would recommend her paper towels to President Kennedy if he were alive today. I said, yes, he could have used a more absorbent towel on that fateful day; but then I realized that Paolo was just being cruel again, so I hung up on him and had a good cry and dried my eyes on Springshowermat's breasts.

DAY 5:

We took a meeting in the Blue Room at Burbank Studios with several of the more intelligent and farsighted vice-presidents in charge of creative development at Mary Tyler Moore Studios. It was total white water to the max! Some of them seemed to be touched by genius, or something, because they looked hungry and ate a lot of kiwi fruit pie. They said they'd seen my thesis documentary, *The Drunk Indian Artwork Problem: A Retrospective*, at U. Cal. Chico (that's the University of California at Chico, Visual and Environmental Emotional Feedback Loop for White

Fempeople Studies Program—I put this in only for purposes of posterity, so future generations of women won't have to go through the pain I went through searching for a quality school that would challenge my abilities and goad my talents to new high places). They saw the trilogy I did with Springshowermat, *The Origins of Tolkien's "Hobbit" Cycle in 1940s War Art*; *The Effects of Drug-Crazed Vietnam Veterans on the Birthday Parties of the Wealthy*; *The Coil Spring—An Alternative Energy Source*; and *Marionette Strippers—The New Minority*; and I've been dizzy from the dry heavens ever since, especially after nibbling that crust of bread so that I wouldn't look like a lame-o weirdo; but I'm sure I heard them say they would definitely consider looking into the possibility of giving our project a definite possible chance at getting money up front some time in the future or even beyond the future. Can you believe it? They have recognized my talent for what it is so quickly here! If I hadn't fainted at the sight of that sirloin steak, I'm sure we would have received their full support, in a way, kind of; of course, these things take time.

DAY 6:

Springshowermat and I stoked some lines for inspiration, went 'shrooming, and took a tour of the Diseases of the Stars Museum on the corner of Hollywood and

Vine. So much pain there, so much hurt. We laughed, we cried, we had sex. I cried over the shrine in honor of John Wayne's lung. The sign said Please Do Touch!—and that's just what we did. A Girl Scout troop squeezed the lung so hard, I thought it would say "Ouch!" but it didn't. I was so relieved, you have no idea.

Paolo would have laughed at the Sandy Duncan Creative Interaction Glass Eye Mini Golf 'n' Stuff Course for Young People, but it only made me glad I had two eyes to cry with. You just have to appreciate the good work these people are doing despite their handicaps. It's like Vanessa Redgrave, how brave she is to struggle on without a brain. And Gary Coleman—he is a little soldier to keep smiling even though he has to take cocaine all the time for the terrible pain he is in.

The whole day made me stop and think: *Where did I leave my handbag yesterday? Was it at the supermarket checkout, or did that ugly Swede swipe it?*

DAY 7:

Last night it came to me inside of a dream. I smoked three packs of Springshowermat's clove and cinnamon cigars just perfecting the idea. Here it is: We're going to shoot the documentary by using a movie camera. It's a dangerous idea, one that won't sit well with the studio bigwigs; but it will save

us money, because we won't have to lug that birdhouse that looks like a box camera anymore.

DAY 8:

I still haven't hypered down over the heaviness of my brainstorm yesterday. We took a telephone call with our people at the studio who are in charge of creative brilliance and I think I sold them on the idea. Once they heard that I'd graduated with honors from U. Cal. at Chico, they changed their tune and gave me the respect due a video artist of the first magnitude. There was a hushed respect at the other end of the line when I told them it was I who had written the oft quoted monograph on the new Italian filmic syntax as exhibited in the subtitles to Bergman's *A Fire Truck Named Neal*. I really did a number on the New Typefaces, especially the contemporary boldface ones. I went with my feelings without blocking for once; so I'm sure it had Disney turning in his grave. Really.

DAY 9:

Wow, I'm totally blown away by Jerry Lewis's spiritual aura. It's really true what he says: Love is just the ultimate, ideawise. Was I dreaming or did he really agree to let us document his Jazzercise for Burn Victims class? It was bitchin' gnarly, having to watch children with third-degree burns over 95 percent of their bodies do improvisational dance and interpretive flesh folding at the Vidal Sassoon Hair Trauma Center. But Jerry says it's for their own good. He says they have to get over the whole henna-your-pubies head space and move on to a new hair kind of mood center in their heads. The man is a saint, like Phil Donahue—only, years slimmer. He's even agreed to sleep with me, so we can work out our dream selves on a planar high. Last night we read some Erica Jong poetry to the TV dinners I burned in the micro. Then Jerry tried to kiss my mouth; only, he kept missing and made a mess of the coffee table.

DAY 10:

Today Jerry broke both my legs, so I could experience what it was like not to get a good seat on the bus when you're a cripple. Then we ate some throat polyps that looked just like kewpie dolls at the Japanese Roller Boogie Juice Bar. They asked Jerry to sing "You'll Never Walk Alone" to me, and then they served me a steak in a wheelchair and some bread on

casters that was just super-the-best.

DAY 11:

Jerry is so good with the kids. He lets them carry him around and move large, dangerous props and everything, so they'll feel normal and also save him money. The movie is a spoof of horrible pain, called *The Clubfoot Lovers Play Ball*. Jerry says his kids are all stars and he wants them to shine; so he's agreed to let them be key grips and gaffers without pay. He loves them like they were his own playthings. One of the lazier children—and I must say one who whined and complained entirely too much—was found crumpled on the ground outside Jerry's office window yesterday. Jerry had warned him that if he didn't work, he would get sick and fall out of a window; and now look, that's just what happened. So what did Jerry do? Quick as a wink he filled the poor hydrocephalic's head with Kool-Aid and set up a Kool-Aid stand on the set of his next movie, a spoof of hideous deformity, called *The Torture Festival of Dr. Sadism*. The whole movie's going to take place inside Mary Tyler Moore's womb. He's using fiberoptic cameras and a turkey baster to set up the difficult trick riding shots; and he won't let Mary use a stunt fetus, either—he demands authenticity!

DAY 12:

Some of the kids Jerry has to work with are walking messed-up people. I realized this only just today. Most of them are the sons and daughters of Hollywood stars, so you can imagine how gnarly they are on the inside and all. Mae West's grandchild had to French-kiss her dead grandmother goodbye as she lay in an open casket at the funeral. Today that little girl is afraid to open her mouth for fear her tongue will fall out. Jerry has tied a concrete block to her tongue and has resolved to stretch it until she responds to therapy.

DAY 13:

Jerry is so understanding. I don't know where he gets his energy. Today he went to work inserting curtain rods into Brooke Shields's brain. It seems the highly paid model has shrinkles all over her brain. She lost a few pounds too many topside, and now Jerry has to inject her brain with silicone once a week. He's given her a crutch to support her chin until she develops a set of neck muscles to keep her head from lolling to

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES



Jerry and I have been working closely on the project. He calls me his "protégée," but really we are in love. I hope he will give me many deformed children in the years to come.

one side like some kind of monster with an itchy ear. Jerry also has some new techniques for dealing with terminal neuromuscular diseases. For instance, he will sneak up behind a patient and pop a paper bag, or scream the word *Boo!*, trying to frighten the patient out of his or her debilitating muscular disease. It hasn't worked so far; but with the government and private endowments backing up his research, he thinks his "fraidy cat" cure will be off the drawing boards by 1985. We're also experimenting with smearing Vaseline over the lens (or covering it with gauze) when shooting the scenes where Jerry works with the kids. It makes Jerry look ten years younger, and the kids couldn't look healthier. Now that's a cure worth looking into!

DAY 14:

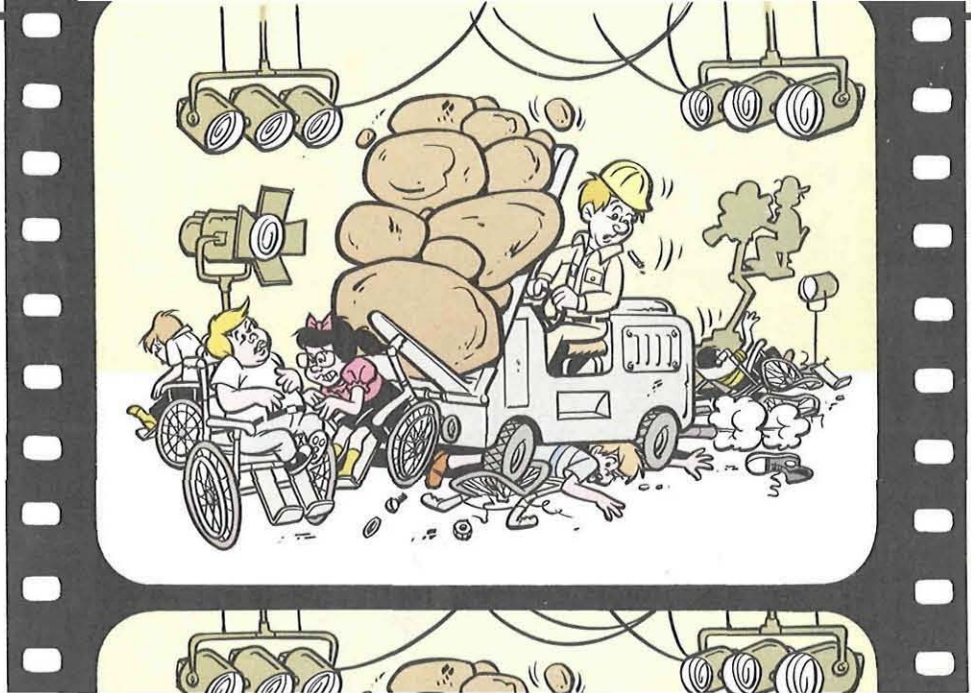
Tragedy on the set. Several of the kids were posing for the animated sequence in the documentary—we've hired the crème de la Hanna-Barbera only—when they were hit by a props forklift carrying Styrofoam boulders for the scene where blind kids touch-explore monsters from Japan. Jerry had an absolute fit over it, because the shooting schedule has been thrown off until the lawsuits resulting from the accident are resolved. He's vowed to never give in to their demands for hospitalization reimbursement. After all, he did pay for their cab fare to the emergency ward. So I walked on his back until he hypered down.

DAY 15:

We got the rushes back from Hanna-Barbera today and it was a totally tube-city event. The artists did a Roadrunner and Coyote kind of thing with the scene involving the kids getting run over by the props truck. Jerry wants it in the flick; so he's agreed to settle out of court and give the kids a contorted muscular-dystrophy kick-line finale. In return, they've agreed to get into the gold lamé body stockings Jerry has ordered from Frederick's of Hollywood. Jerry knows a hairdresser who can do black magic with a pair of scissors; so he's giving all the kids the very latest in hair happenings. He wants the film to have all the pizzazz of his Vegas act—blue material, pasties, and all.

DAY 16:

Took a conference call from Mary Tyler Moore today. She says the other studios are hyping their



I can't figure out what all the fuss was about at the Academy nominations ceremony. The cartoons we used were realistic animation vérité for a very serious documentary about a very serious disease.

documentaries everywhere, in every way possible: ferrite bombs dropped on supermarkets that explode and misspell the name of the studio's pet diseases, flocks of vultures released at the documentaries' premieres in order to remind the audience that they too might die of neuromuscular telethons someday, neurotoxins in helium balloons distributed to producers' kids at wrap parties... Mary wants to mount an ad campaign that this town will never forget. She says incurable diseases are where it's at in the documentary scene, and she wants Jerry's laboratory research team to come up with a bacterial strain that will cause rival producers to grow tennis balls in their alimentary canals, tennis balls that come shooting out of their mouths at speeds approaching 200 miles an hour. Once the disease takes hold, Mary hopes to market the victims as *automatic tennis servers*; though Jerry thinks they'd have a big future as ordnance in isolated African tennis wars. The sky's the limit when you're working with two of the most talented people in the only industry that makes a habit of making people happy.

DAY 17:

This is it. We've edited down our final cut to a bare minimum of forty-five hours of eye-pleasing pleasure. Springhowermat used some cutting techniques she picked up from the greats: Hitch-

cock, Cimino, Tobe Hooper... We are talking ten figures with the distribution houses. Plastic wheelchair race-o-rama tracks are being pushed for Christmas. Silver arm-brace crutches are flooding the recreational-jewelry outlets. And Jerry's muscular-dystrophy crutch-swallowing contests are catching on like a big wildfire. Mary nailed down a contract with Marine World in which she agrees to hold one of the dystrophy kids over the pool of a killer whale at feeding time each Saturday until Jerry's telethon goes over the \$300-billion mark. I've gone on record stating that I will kill three dystrophic kids for every Academy vote that is not cast for our documentary. And they know I'll do it, too.

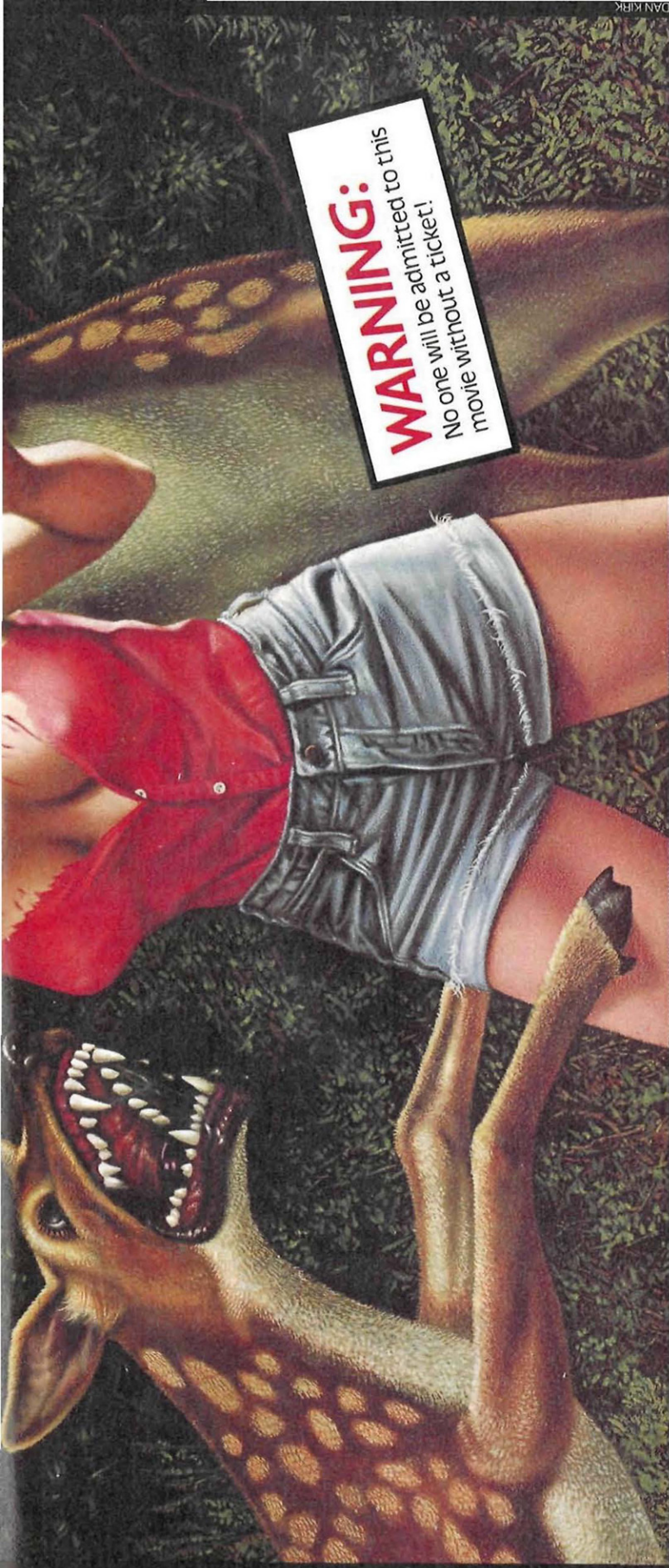
DAY 18:

The big day. We made a last-minute change and decided to call the documentary *Glaucoma Is Everybody's Business*. I hadn't known that *glaucoma* is the leading cause of donations among deaf children today. Jerry knows so much, he is so strong; it's too bad he isn't a woman or I would marry him. Springhowermat and I have agreed to celebrate the foundation of the Vidal Sassoon Futuristic Lesbian Cinematic Hairdressing College by naming a lump of glazed clay after ourselves and donating it to the Plague Ward at the Jerry Lewis Brain Actualization Plant in Refrigerator, Alaska. That's where Jerry drains the

blood of his patients and replaces it with brake fluid; although for a price he will substitute Carol Burnett's intraocular fluid in cases requiring the surgical removal of wallets from the handbags and pants of his patients. The man has done so much for so few. He just never slows down. Tonight is Academy Awards night. Jerry and Mary have agreed to accept the award on my behalf, even though I didn't ask them to. They are so kind, so strong; they even knew to lock me up here at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Mary vacuumed the closet before forcing me in here for my own good. They don't want the success to go to my head and ruin my extraordinary filmic capabilities. It's getting late and I'm getting so sleepy. I wonder why they made me sign that letter that Mary wrote on the typewriter without even letting me read it. Just looking out for my unspoiled artistic sensibility, I guess. It must be dawn by now. Getting so sleepy. Must be the drugs Jerry gave me for my own good. He's even promised to let me film his sex-therapy sessions with the dystrophy kids some time. If only I could call out for help, I could get out of this closet and maybe help him bring his kids to sexual maturity—they'd be perfect for motorized Kama Sutra. I wonder when they'll be back with my Oscar? Getting so sleepy. Smells like gas in here. No way out. I wonder why they... □

First they ate the roses... Then they ate the tomatoes... NOW THEY'RE EATING OUR KIDS!





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Terence Trilby Film

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BARBARA RUSH WITH ERNEST BORGNINE AS "BOAR" ROBERT LANSING AS "DEERSLAYER" SPECIAL GUEST STAR SLAPPY WHITE
SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCES BY SIR RALPH RICHARDSON MICHEL PICCOLI ANOUK AIMEE ALSO STARRING SIMONE SIGNORET AS "YETTA"
DIRECTED BY TERENCE TRILBY PRODUCED BY JERRY JEWISBERG EXECUTIVE PRODUCER STEVE KUGEL
SCREENPLAY BY ALEX DUMAS, JR. STORY BY GREG D'ANNUNZIO MUSIC BY FRAM TOOKER
SPECIAL EFFECTS BY FLETCHER MACNAMEE AND RICK HARTNETT

A CinemaTeen International Release

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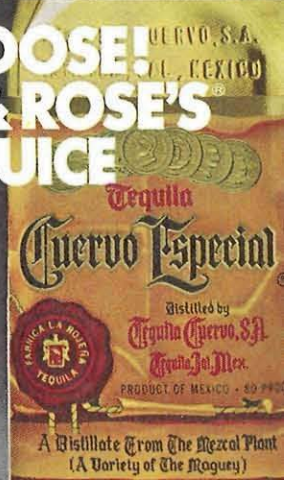
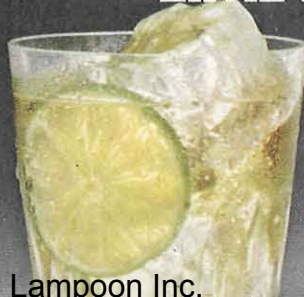
DAN KIRK



“Monday to Friday I’m a computer programmer.
Weekends, I bust loose with my friends & Cuervo.”



BUST LOOSE!
CUERVO & ROSE'S
LIME JUICE



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A Distillate From The Mezcal Plant
(A Variety of The Maguey)

THE HOLLYWOOD INFORMER

50 YEARS OF CELEBRATING AND SERVICING THE INDUSTRY

VOL. CCLXV, NO. 11 HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 31, 1981

Coppola Pawns Kids, Sells Self to Save Zoetrope

By SY COPHANT

As the estimated budget of his pet project, *One from the Heart*, soared beyond the \$50-million mark and more investors backed away from Francis Coppola's ill-starred film, the hard-pressed producer-director, who already has mortgaged many of his homes to finance *Heart*, announced that he has taken the next "painful step" toward raising capital.

He has leased his children to the seraglio of an unnamed Middle Eastern potentate for an undisclosed number of petrodollars and has himself taken to "working the street," hustling Johns in their cars on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Coppola, who was interviewed wearing tight jeans and a tank top outside a Taco Bell, claims that the money's good and the working conditions tolerable. "Hey," he says brightly, "I've been treated worse and for less money. I used to be a writer in this town, remember?"

Meanwhile, his wife is, naturally, keeping a diary of his adventures and experiences, which she fully expects to sell to a New York publisher for "big bucks," and

continued on page 136

Revamped HUAC Has New "Red" List

By R. E. TREAD

The Republican administration in Washington, reacting to pressure from the Moral Majority and other right-wing lobbies, has reinstated the House Un-American Activities Committee and plans another "thorough" investigation of movie-industry "subversives."

A "red" list of alleged communist or left-leaning performers has been circulated to studio heads. Among those named: Red Skelton, Red Foxx, Red Buttons, Lucille "Big Red" Ball, and the notorious Pinky Lee.

Other Hollywood personalities named include screenwriter Leo Marx, the singing Lennon Sisters, and talent agent Marty Engels.

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Angry Producers Out on Strike, Production Unaffected So Far

By P. R. RELES

Members of the militant Producers International Guild, "fed up to here" with the demands of the Screen Actors Guild (SAG), the Writers Guild (WGA), the Directors Guild (DGA), and the American Federation of Musicians (AFM), "walked off the job" last night after "downing their tools" at midnight. The sounds of margarita glasses, coke spoons, and starlets hitting the floor resounded through Beverly Hills.

PIG spokesman Irving S. Irving explained that the "insatiable de-

mands of the so-called talent have been gnawing away like an ulcer at the heart of the industry, its stomach," and that the long-suffering producers "can no longer stand idly by"—standing idly by being one of the more essential functions producers fulfill on any production.

Although cameras continued to turn on motion-picture lots and in television studios throughout Hollywood and the rest of the world today, Irving, speaking for his fellow producers, was certain that the PIG strike action would have "a long-term effect on the entire enter-

tainment industry." He cited his own and his fellow producers' "marketing instinct, that uncanny ability to sense what the public wants to see," as one factor without which no new film or TV show

continued on page 4

Theater Owners Experiment: Drop Films, Up Profits

By BARNEY CULL

Hard-pressed owners of movie theaters, all obliged to "blind bid" for the right to screen "some real turkeys," have been faced with declining movie audiences, increased overhead, and shrinking profits.

"People have been staying home in droves to watch skin flicks on their home videos, my air-conditioning costs are astronomical, and the fuckin' distributor makes me book *Caveman* for three weeks," moans a typical owner.

But there are big dollars to be made from the "sugar," the lobby concession stands, with their 1,000 percent markup on popcorn and cola syrup, and many owners have discovered that if they just open the doors, peddle the treats and goodies, and allow dating couples to sit in the dark—forget about screening the movie, who needs it?—they can turn a tidy profit.

The major studios, aware of this growing trend, have been diversifying, acquiring majority shares in soda-pop and candy concerns and

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Maverick Genius Scorsese Stuns H'wood—Casts DeNiro

By SID GRUBBE-STREETE

Martin "Marty" Scorsese, fiercely independent *auteur* filmmaker, has announced his next project. He will write and direct a tribute to one of the great women of American music and has cast longtime friend and associate Robert "Bobby" DeNiro in the title role as Ella "Elly" Fitzgerald in *Cinder-Ella*.

DeNiro, who last year garnered an Academy Award for putting on several hundred pounds to play middleweight boxer Jake LaMotta, has already begun a crash diet of prunes and water, is taking daily injections of melanin, and intends to undergo a sex-change operation in order to accurately portray the first lady of American popular music, whose published bio Scorsese found "almost Italian in its inten-

sity, earthy passion, and availability of rights."

Dr. Sven Bjorring, famed Swedish surgeon, has been hired to perform the delicate operation on DeNiro, and the MD will receive full screen credit for both makeup and special effects.

Cinder-Ella will be Scorsese's and DeNiro's first musical collaboration since *New York, New York*, and they have taken the precaution of adding movie-musical expert Peter Bogdanovich (*At Long Last Love*) as a preproduction consultant.

When reached by telephone by the *Hollywood Informer*, Miss Fitzgerald said only that she had never heard anything about any of this but that her attorneys would

continued on page 137

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INSIDE

William Morris sues ex-client **Ronald Reagan** for 10 percent of GNP **page 6**

Major studios to merge, form parking lot **18**

Experts say big future for cable TV, dirigibles, monorails . . **19**

James Caan signs to play yet another small-time Jewish guy . **27**

MOVIE REVIEWS

Cinder-Ella

There are no words of praise fitting enough to describe the talent of Robert DeNiro. This is a talent that goes beyond acting, beyond any frame of reference known to this critic. This man (or should I say woman?) has opened a new frontier of the cinema with his portrayal of Ella Fitzgerald in Martin Scorsese's *Cinder-Ella*. But is it art?

Rumors abounded during the hectic filming. Why was DeNiro smiling in every scene of the picture, no matter what was happening? Scorsese said DeNiro wanted to play Ella as an "up" person, a woman who put on a happy face through thick and thin. Others close to the picture revealed that DeNiro was on morphine and other painkillers, to alleviate the agony caused by his sex-change operation, which, as the rumors continued to reveal, was not a complete success. Hence the perpetual smile of a man under heavy sedation. DeNiro neither confirmed nor denied anything but kept to his usual seclusion during the filming.

However, we do have to question some of the liberties Scorsese has taken with Ella's life, especially in her later years, where she seems to be menstruating most of the time. "Ella was a big, big woman who gave of herself in every way," said Scorsese. "Besides, it's symbolic. Everything I do is symbolic."

In Scorsese's version of her life, Ella Fitzgerald is born on Mulberry Street, in the Italian section of lower Manhattan. As a child she sings for the Mafia on Fridays and Saturdays and for the church on Sundays. Her guilt tears her apart until she meets Al Jolson (Harvey Keitel), another blackface performer, who has the same problem,

with the Jewish faith. They elope, though she is menstruating heavily.

Ella's marriage to Jolson is a stormy one. He believes that a woman's place is in the home. She wants to travel and sing with him. Her menstrual periods do not stop,

CINDER-ELLA United Artists

Producer Jake LaMotta
Director Martin Scorsese
Screenplay Paul Schrader
Photography Laszlo Kodak
Music Carmine Coppola
Editor Perry White
Production Designer Henri Bendel
Costumes Gowns Unlimited

Bosco-Color/Panfriedvision

Cast: Robert DeNiro, Harvey Keitel, Lee Majors, Terry Bradshaw, Joe Pesci, Tony Janeiro, Tami Maurello, Tony Galento, Charley Fusari, Carl Furillo, Dolf Camilli, Teresa Stratas.

Running time: 197 minutes

MPAA rating—PG

which creates sexual problems. The final blow is Ella's discovery that Jolson is actually white. After many stormy scenes and fights Ella wins a divorce by sitting on Jolson's face for three days.

The thirties and forties find Ella singing her heart out with the great Negro jazz bands of Ellington, Basie, Lunceford, Louis Armstrong ... But the pain of being a proud black woman singing her own songs in a white man's world proves to be too much. She battles courageously but grows physically weaker. Ella has many stormy affairs with bandleaders, movie stars, and statesmen, including FDR (Terry Bradshaw), who beats her up all the time. "She's a bloody mess," says Bradshaw.

Meanwhile, her personal manager, Bernard Baruch (Lee Majors), begs her to go to the hospital for treatment. By the time she agrees, it is too late. She is on tour in Biloxi, Mississippi, where the all-white hospital will not admit her. While she is dying in the gutter near the hospital entrance she sings the complete works of Rodgers and Hart, Gershwin, and Cole Porter.

continued on page 4

Lost Reporter

Hank Grunt

What ever happened to Hollywood and Vine? It used to be right near where I am right now.... Thesp Candice Bergen asks us why she looks so fat on screen. Maybe because the lenses are round at the edges.... My London spy, I.P. Nightly, reports Peter O'Toole, Richard Harris, and Oliver Reed now sharing one kidney.... Superflack Swifty Lazar has Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Humphrey Bogart, and James Dean lined up for book promo tours.... My Beverly Hills spy, Beverly Hills, whispers that *Cinder-Ella* star Bobby "Barbara" DeNiro has "female trouble," whatever that means.... Audiences cheer sneak previews of *The Sting*. Duo of Paul Newman and Robert Redford spells h-i-t.... Still out to lunch: Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer.... Dorothy Parker asks: "Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw hat?" Why, Dorothy? (See below for answer.).... Mickey Rooney to play "Son of Zorba" for Sam Spiegel.... FLICPIC QUIZ: Who has the cutest ass in Hollywood? (Answer below.) ... *Answer to Dorothy Parker's question:* Sorry. Lost it.... FLICPIC ANSWER: Glenn Ford.... Dusty Hoffman immersing himself in his new role as Lenny Bruce in *Lenny*, studying stand-up comedy with Jack Carter, Alan King, and other Vegas headliners. He says they're all doing Polish jokes, the next big thing.... Happy Birthday: Mack Sennett, Bessie Love, William S. Hart, Eddie Sutherland, L. B. Mayer, the Warner Brothers, George Mikan, J. Parnell Thomas, Johnny Sheffield, Rabbit Maraville, Frank Lovejoy, Mel Ott, Francis Dee, Dakota Staton, Lionel Atwill, and Sergio Mendes.... Vivien Leigh house hunting in Laurel Canyon.... Still Dead Department: Carole Lombard and Clark Gable. But who died first?... Sexpot Dyan Cannon is *phfft* with Cary Grant. Reason? She claims the silver-haired unspeakable atrocities on her. Dyan won't go into details but does mention the old toothpaste trick. Woo! Woo!...

FILMFLAM QUIZ: Who played the sheriff in *High Noon*?... My studio spy, Claude Balls, reports that Zsa Zsa Gabor is ready to take over Paramount after hot

proxy battle with David Rockefeller.... Art Garfunkel signed for remake of Welles role in *Citizen Kane*.... Ernie Borgnine and wife Katy Jurado set to play "Mr. and Mrs. Smokey the Bear" for Norman Lear.... FILMFLAM ANSWER: Glenn Ford. Was that Connie Francis I saw arm in arm with Tom Poston at Ciro's? You bet your bippy it was.... Speaking of bippies, "Laugh-In" comics Rowan and Martin are hosting the opening-night party for the Peter Lawford Film Festival in West Los Angeles. Peter wants an Oscar for his role with Sammy Davis in *Salt and Pepper*.... Celebs galore flocked to "Salute to Judy Carne." We too joined in the tribute to one of Hollywood's brightest new stars....

Not Returning My Phone Calls: Robert Taylor, Van Heflin, Lupe Velez, John Barrymore, Gary Cooper, Carole Landis. Shame on all of you.... Chad Everett and Shelley Hack confess to this reporter that they've never met.... Songstress Rosemary Clooney called from Vegas to say that she had a great bowel movement yesterday.... FILMORE QUIZ: Who played Al Pacino's wife in *Godfather I* and II?... My spy in Gotham, Dick Hurtz, reports that a lot of weird stuff is going on in that city. Was that Jeanne Moreau urinating on Telly Savalas in the parking lot of Dan Tana's? Telly loves those golden domers, and Jeanne likes to give them. A perfect couple, s'natcherly.... What's this about Mike Todd doing a remake of *Around the World in 80 Days*?... ANSWER TO FILMORE QUIZ: Glenn Ford.... Superscribe Ernest Hemingway recovering nicely from hunting accident. Visited at bedside by Alan Pakula, Leslie Caron, Peter Lawford, and Connie Francis.... Paul Bocuse and the Troisgros Brothers opened their act at the Sands in Vegas to thumping applause.... Abbe Lane moved into David Janssen's house while he was out of town—to use his phone for long-distance calls. Check your phone bill, David. Get well real soon: Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee, Marilyn Maxwell, Ty Hardin, Alberto Lattuada, and Dudley Moore.... When is someone going to warn

continued on page 3

We at Endo Pharmaceuticals—makers of Percodan—the choice of the stars—are proud to salute a show-business legend:

Jerry Lewis!



"You need us;
we need you!"

Lost Reporter

continued from page 2

Lana Turner that she's playing with fire by playing with the husband of another famous star? Lana, we love you. Don't do this to yourself. Remember Johnny S.?... Dead as a Doornail: D. W. Griffith, U. S. Grant, Eleanor Roosevelt, Frankie Laine, Alan Pakula, George S. Kaufman, Elton John.... Seen at Ma Maison: Peter Bogdanovich huddling with Ray Stark, David Begelman, and Freddie Fields. Peter likes to punch Ray in the mouth and then tell him to "pass it along" to David, and David to Freddie, and so on, all the way through the entire restaurant.... Luscious Barbara "I Dream of Jeannie" Eden penning her bio for Bantam, as told to her collaborator, Gunter Grass.... Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters.... Sneaky previews of *Midnight Cowboy* get raves despite offbeat subject.... Definite duo at the Mocambo: Henry Fonda nuzzling Raoul Walsh. Only a hop and a step away: Paul Scofield and Edy Williams on one banana daiquiri. (*Hank Grunt airs his entertainment news three times a week on Channel D-46, cable TV, from Newfoundland.*)

SHORTS

Willy Douit cast in "Squander the Wad" episode of "The Spend-ers."

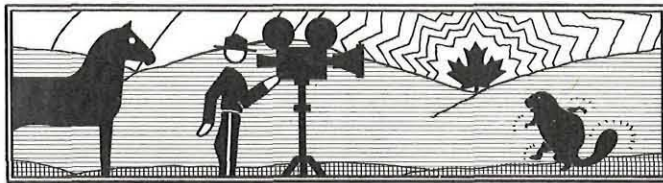
Phil Itup in the "Sties and Lesions Telethon."

Randy Gamut guests on "The Coffee Table Show."

José Kanuzee in "Falling Down the Stairs" episode of "Two Stupid Guys."

Matty Hair in "Hey, You Dropped Your Load!" episode of

International



The Canadian Film Scene

By VICTOR FILTH
of the *Informer's Toronto Bureau*

Never you mind the temperature outside—the Canadian film scene is hot! Len Goldberg, Ivan Blum, and Dan Reitman (who brought you the fabulous *Nazi Death Janitor of Ryerson U.* and *Crazy Convent Cutups*) are working together again and are planning to lens their version of the classic Canadian poem "The Ballad of Eskimo Nell" the moment Ivan and Dan have completed postproduction on their topless horror musical, *Bloody Bosoms*.

Meanwhile, *auteur* George "The Incredible" Mahulka, who copped a prized "Stinky" last season at the Squeamish Film Festival for his handicapped-Olympics documentary *Pinhead Swimmer*, has inked a pact with prestigious Murphy Fox Productions of Montreal to script and direct *Cannibal Girls with Big Titties*, slated to go before the camera in Newfoundland all winter long. (All the above-mentioned flicks were originally financed by the Canadian Film Development Corporation, repossessed by the Bank of Nova Scotia, and bailed

out by tax-crazed dentists from Manitoba. Talk about high finance!)

Trouble on the Set

While filming another episode of the fabulously successful syndicated series "Rick the Runaway Dog" (which tops the Nielsens, by the way, in New Zealand), director Daryl Duke had a problem on his hands. Seems macho star Bruno Gerussi took exception to the ministrations of makeup artist Derek Madrigal, whom Bruno called a "pansy." Quick-thinking Duke fired Madrigal and hired a "real woman" to take his place, and the shoot went on!

"That's Incredible!"

Yes, the famous American TV show has opted to shoot an entire episode right here in Toronto. Talk about recognition! Seems the Yankee video moguls want to take advantage of a unique T., O., service to the industry—the no-deposit/no-return stunt children available from the Wee Kirk o' God Presbyterian Orphanage on Yonge Street!

Well, that's all for now. See you later, eh?

"The Cart Before the Horse."

V. W. Rabbit guests on "What the Hell."

Hans Pants in "Splendor in the Trunk" episode of "Car."

Casey D. Joint will guest on "Speak It Up."

Sy N. Tiffick in "Mud for Supper" episode of "Punjab."

B. B. Gun in "Oh, My God!" episode of "Watch Out!"

Rose Bole in "Wallet."

Carter Holme guests on "Talk to the Moderator."

Taka Wok in "The Michelin Man 25th Anniversary Special."

Buddy Cooda in "Never Say Meat" episode of "Just Jerking Around in Toledo."

I. I. Sur guests on "Speak Talk."

Wendy Gettor for "The Grillwork Connection" episode of "Crime Blasters."

Fred E. Kat in "Man Against Angie."

Libber Alda to Pen "Humble" Autobiography

By JACK HACK

L.A. film and video personality Alan Alda, who was honored with the first annual Caring, Sharing, Extremely Private Person Award at a Beverly Wilshire banquet last night, announced to the thousand or so \$500-a-plate guests that he has begun to write his own life story.

"It's a book—a book about *concern*," Alda admitted modestly. "Intellectual, moral, social, professional, political concern. But, more than that, it's a book of house-

hold hints, little things I've learned about the home—you know, about how boiling a cracked china plate in milk fixes it right up nice, or how dental floss works just great for trussing a chicken, and *vinegar*. My Lord! Just a drop of vinegar in the water when you're soft-boiling eggs makes all the difference. And as a cleanser! You know how hard stains are to get out of ceramic tile?"

continued on page 166

Heaven's Gate Rereadited: New M-G-M Execs "Confident"

By IMA FLACK

The third and final version of Michael Cimino's \$42-million disaster movie *Heaven's Gate* has been completed by the director, working this time under the close personal, armed supervision of United Artists' new owner, M-G-M prexy Kirk "Kirk" Kerkorian.

In its third incarnation, the controversial epic western has been cut to a running time of thirty-two minutes and reportedly includes several newly shot action sequences featuring name stars Marilyn Chambers, Leslie Bovine, Harry Reems, and Johnny Wadd.

Director Cimino nonetheless maintained "complete artistic control" of this latest version of his film, he told the *Hollywood Informer*. "The title, for instance," he said, "and quite a bit of the final

continued on page 121

Say Singer Dolly Parton Sleeps on Her Back!

By FONDA LUNCHES

Investigative reporters for the *Hollywood Informer*, after months of exhaustive research through studio press releases and handouts, have concluded that the pope—about whom so many great religious motion pictures have been made—is, in fact, Catholic!

Further, crack *Informer* journalists have uncovered the stunning news that bears—the subjects of countless documentaries and so-called PG flicks—actually shit in the woods! Their photogenic animal pals the porcupines, according to reliable sources, piss on flat rocks!

These and other *Hollywood Informer* scoops are made possible through tireless footwork and interviews with deep sources within this

continued on page 137

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OBITUARY

Funeral services were held today at Saint Garibaldi's Cathedral, in Paramus, New Jersey, for actor **Robert DeNiro**, who died Wednesday of sickle-cell anemia complicated by menorrhagia—an abnormally heavy menstrual flow—in Cedars of Sinai Hospital in L.A. He had just completed filming *Cinder-Ella*, the life of Ella Fitzgerald.

Mr. DeNiro, who won an Academy Award for his portrayal of Jake LaMotta in the 1980 film *Raging Bull*, is survived by his husband of less than a month, director Martin Scorsese.

As an actor, Mr. Bobby ("Robert" to his friends) DeNiro displayed a remarkable range of thespian skills—from the murderous Italian gangster of *Godfather II* to the murderous Italian gangster of *Mean Streets* to the murderous Italian gangster of *Raging Bull*. Travis Bickle, the anti-protagonist of *Taxi Driver*, the role for which DeNiro is best remembered, was, ironically, murderous but not Italian.

DeNiro first rose to fame as "the other wop, the one who's taller than Pacino," but he won the hearts of a grateful moviegoing public by beating the shit out of Liza Minnelli in *New York, New York* in a scene of justified violence even more satisfactory than Mr. Pacino's belting around of Diane Keaton in *Godfather II*.

The entire Sicilian community of Paramus, including the parking-lot owners, who hold a majority of shares in every Hollywood studio, attended the Roman Catholic funeral mass and vowed to undertake a campaign to have Mr. DeNiro canonized by the church.

At a postfuneral service held in Umberto's Clam Bar, in New York City, Mr. Scorsese announced his intention of filming his ex-wife's life story. Mr. Pacino was, naturally, his first choice to portray Mr. DeNiro, but Dustin Hoffman would have been all right, too. The role will be played by Mr. Michael Moriarty.

Cinder-Ella Review

continued from page 2

As usual in a Scorsese-DeNiro film, the parts always seem better than the whole. In this case, Scorsese scores again with many shocking trademark scenes of brutal beatings, with the masculine camaraderie, and with fine performances by his parents in lesser roles. The film was shot in Bosco-Color, a sepia-tint process that is ideally suited to the subject matter. (It also

manages to tone down some of the more graphic menstrual scenes.)

Which brings us back to DeNiro's interpretation of Ella Fitzgerald as a great big bleeding cow who could sing like a nightingale. On second thought, it might be an uncannily accurate performance, totally gripping, painfully real. If art imitates life, then DeNiro is a walking piece of art.

P.S. Rumors persisted after filming was completed that DeNiro died before some of the last scenes were shot. Industry sources say the final hospital and gutter scenes are actually played by Michael Moriarty. —Sheldon Hack

Angry Producers

continued from page 1

could possibly succeed.

Irving observed, "If you don't give people what you know they want to see, they'll start going to see other things, and they'll end up going to see anything they want."

One nonnegotiable demand of the producers is a "rollback" to traditional industry accounting methods, whereby producers take their share from the first dollar of income and all others take their share (if any), or "points" (if any), from profits (if any) after expenses. "It's pretty simple, really," explained Irving. "Our rule is: Talent is net, producers are gross."

While the "names above the titles" are not expected to appear, personally, on the picket lines, cooperative executives of the American Guild of Variety Artists (AGVA) have negotiated for their membership the opportunity to "picket by proxy," and a casting call for stand-in demonstrators has been issued [see *Informer* "Cattle Callum," p. 36].

Meanwhile, hotel owners in Palm Springs prepared for a mammoth influx of hungry, thirsty, mini and maxi moguls, who seem prepared to "rough it" down there for the duration of what might be a prolonged and bitter strike.

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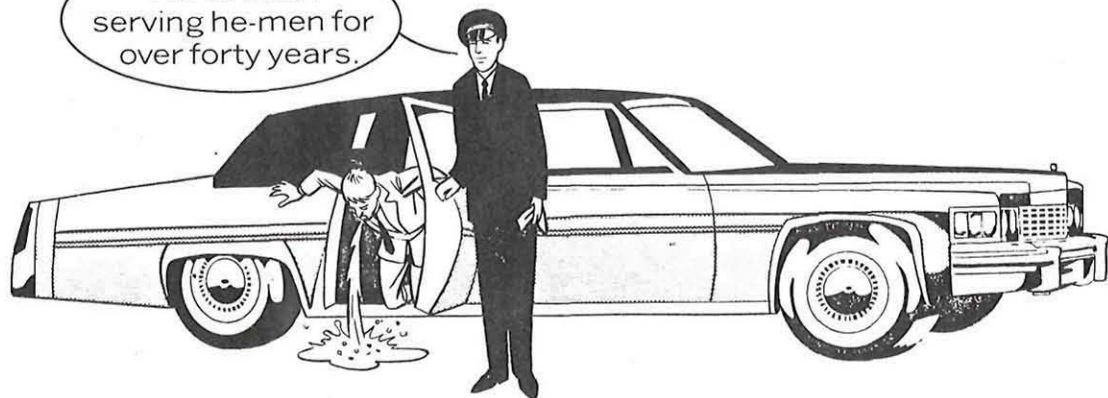


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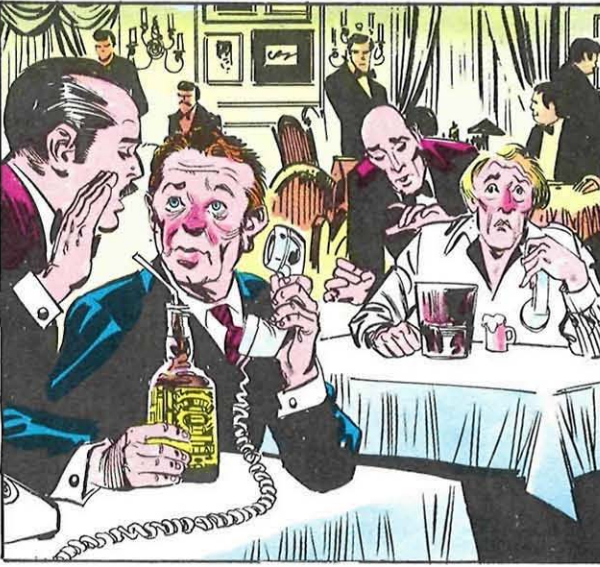


LOOK, YOU CLOWN, I TOLD YOU... RICHARD BURTON'S NOT HERE!

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RICHARD! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU, YOU CLOWN!



WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN? WHY DON'T WE GET TOGETHER FOR A DRUNK SOMETIME!

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HOW ABOUT RIGHT NOW?

LET'S GO!

LET'S GO!



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WHERE?

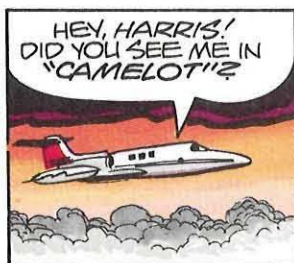
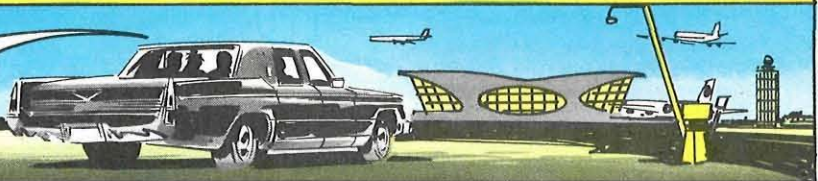
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BURTON AND HARRIS DECIDE TO TAKE IN SOME THEATER AT THE CENTRAL PARK BANDSHELL...





THE ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES



FOREIGN ENTRIES 1981

BY ELLIS WEINER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAN NELKEN

The following films have been chosen by the Academy's Nominations Board as finalists in the competition for Best Foreign Film 1981. Academy members will be admitted without charge to any showing of these films upon presentation of their membership card at the box office. Balloting for Best Foreign Film must be completed by 15 March 1982.

Japan

距離電話

(*The Breathless Cup of Tea*)

The Breathless Cup of Tea is a pastoral poem of reflection, as delicate and elusive as its title. Directed by Kozo Ogawa, the film comes as a startling change of pace after his well-received study of modern Tokyo, *Boy in a Gas Mask*.

It is the story of Aki, a simple girl whose parents fish the Inland Sea. Portrayed with unforgettable power by Mayumi Saburi, Aki sets off on a journey to Kyoto in search of her dreams. En route she meets Shun (Ko Sugahan), a disillusioned supplicant from a nearby Zen monastery. The scene is set for the two to discover the joys and pains of first love—until out of the hills on horseback rides a band of thieves, all transvestite homosexuals, jabbering in frantic high voices.

What follows—a post-*Hiroshima Mon Amour* study in absurdity in which the



leader of the band is unable to keep his wig from flying off as he rides—is enough to send Shun running back to the mon-

astery and Aki back to her simple parents and their austere but quietly rewarding life.

Italy

SALTO NEL POPALO

(*Leap into the Pope*)

Silvio Natoli presents another chapter in the screen biography of his cinematic counterpart, Carlo, once again played by Lino Mazzoli. This film takes up where its predecessor, *Who Wants to Wear Cheese?*, left off. Carlo is now a young man, working as an accountant in the Fiat office in Turin (as, indeed, Natoli did). The dreariness of his workaday routine is contrasted with the wacky, unpredictable escapades of his love life.

His romance with a passionate older woman (Virna Alberti) ends abruptly when she wins the national lottery and decides to have the sex-change operation she has always wanted. Thereafter "she" (now played by Tonello Crespi) becomes a transvestite and, now a "man" dressed as a "woman," becomes a kind of maiden aunt to Carlo, advising him in his quest



to win the heart of the young Nina (Maria Samperi).

Nina's uncle (Marcello Troisi) is a priest who disapproves of Carlo and wants his niece to enter a convent. How

Carlo disguises himself as his "aunt's" homosexual companion in order to spirit Nina away from her uncle forms the basis of a hilarious spoof of men dressing like women, Italian style.

Great Britain

FUCKING KIDS DESTROY BLOODY EVERYTHING

Veteran British director Derek Clyde brings us this scorching look at working-class British youth and the reckless, energetic phenomenon known as punk. Phil Pryce plays Dickie, a teenage apprentice printer, whose dream is to form a successful rock band. He joins forces with Cilla (Janet Clarke), and the two collect around them a bizarre mélange of tough, dispossessed British teenagers with a penchant for violence and a love of loud rock 'n' roll.

Halfway through the film Cilla is killed in a knife fight outside Vomit, a punk club; it is only then that Dickie is able to discover his true genius. He contrives to take Cilla's place—complete with makeup, skirts, and breasts—and orders Len, a bass player, to do likewise. Punk music's violent, anxious, antisocial trappings quickly yield to more tender



realms of human experience as Dickie and Len discover they are in love, quit the band, and open a transvestite-homosexual nightclub in London's West End. *Fucking Kids Destroy Bloody Everything*

ends on a surprisingly amusing note, as Len's parents announce they wish to visit the club and Dickie must persuade Jill (Michael Bovel) to tone down "his" striptease.

Sweden

SWEJD DANNOR FLKMN ABBA!

(Today Is Abba Now!)

Abba, the successful Swedish pop group, is captured on film during its 1980 world tour. Behind the camera is director Dag Petersson, best known in this country for his probing documentary *Be Quiet and Pay Your Taxes*. Here Petersson takes us behind the scenes as the four members of the group move from jet to hotel to concert hall to jet—followed every step of the way by Arne and Ingmar, their transvestite-homosexual roadies.

Even in what purports to be a straightforward music documentary Petersson manages to make a statement characteristically his own, as he intercuts scenes of Abba onstage with a farcical subplot involving Arne (in makeup, dress, and jewelry), Ingmar (in a peacock blue, frilly tuxedo), an outraged concert promoter running for the Swedish parliament, and

a capsule of microfilm naming all the transvestite homosexuals in Sweden.

The film's climax features a medley of the group's best-known hits ("Fernando," "Dancing Queen," etc.) juxtaposed

against scenes of Arne (a man who dresses like a woman) trying to pretend he is a woman dressing like a man who wishes to be a woman. It is all very Petersson, very Swedish, and very Abba.



Australia

DON'T PUNCH ELIZA

The official—and unofficial—education of a young Australian girl at the turn of the century is the subject of this sensitive work by director Dennis Miller. Eliza (Sheila Sydney) is the impressionable daughter of a repressed mother and a brusque, insensitive father. Her friends are all identical polite young ladies, and Eliza seems destined for a life of domestic tedium as wife of Geoff (Bruce Brandon) ...until she meets Armand.

Portrayed by Bryan Wallace, star of last year's acclaimed *Outback Upchuck*, Armand is a combination kangaroo rancher and transvestite homosexual who lures Eliza away from her family to oversee his aborigine ranch hands and to travel with him to Perth in search of decent panty hose. Once in the city, Eliza discovers that her looks and intelligence will take her far. She leaves Armand for David (Stephen Dekker), a soldier

bound for South Africa and the Boer War.

Don't Punch Eliza follows its heroine to Johannesburg and races to its inevitable conclusion when David, under the pressures of combat, discovers that he too is

actually a transvestite homosexual. His affair with his sergeant (Edward Wardward) becomes a rollicking romp centered around who is to wear the corset. Eliza, to the relief of all, provides the solution.



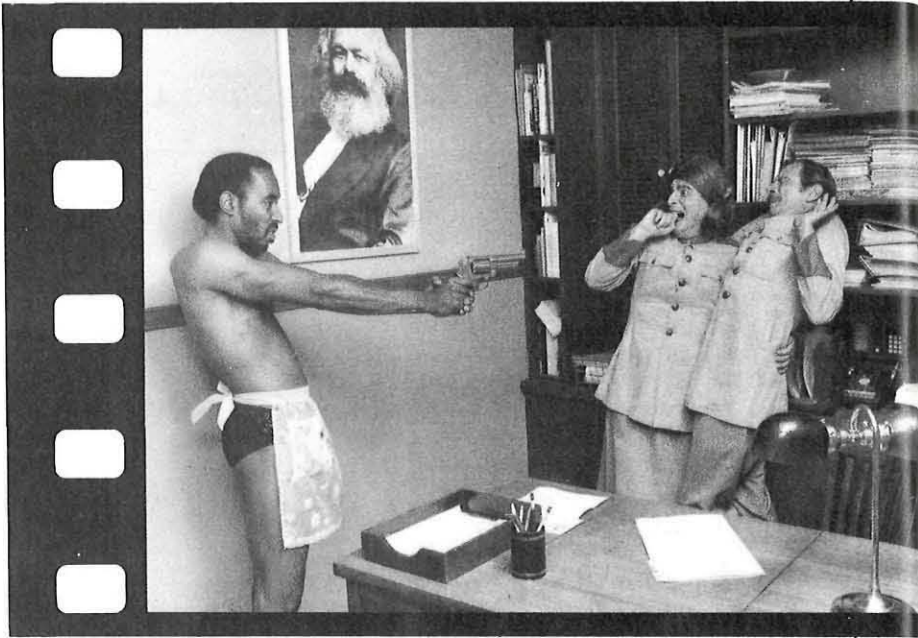
Czechoslovakia

KAPKAMI HLAVY

(*Raindrop Heads*)

With the style and energy he demonstrated in *Love Is a Piece of Coal*, director Jiri Jajek gives us this close-up look at the way in which men and women live their lives in contemporary Czechoslovakia. Juraj Krekčík plays Josef, a minor clerk in the Ministry of Potatoes, whose secret passion is dressing like a woman, affecting a shrill falsetto laugh, and appearing around Prague on the arm of Miroslav (subtly portrayed by Zdanek Somr, who played the piano tuner in Kopeck's 1979 film *The Valve of Sympathy*).

The simple fantasies of these two ordinary government workers are disturbed by the appearance of an exotic black homosexual in bikini panties and a lace apron. Played by newcomer Damien Shakespeare, this figure is revealed to be a member of the Czech secret police.



How personal freedom is brutally suppressed under modern Czech socialism becomes the underlying theme of this at

bottom highly political tale of two men's efforts to find happiness and attractive lipstick in modern-day Prague.

Federal Republic of Germany

DIE ASPHALTVERLOBTE

(*The Asphalt Fiancée*)

The vapidity of bourgeois life amidst the "economic miracle" of contemporary Germany is examined by Hans Brauer (*The Happiness of Your Uncle's Car*) in this story of Irma, a middle-class housewife, brilliantly rendered by Helga Sasse. Much to the chagrin of her stodgy pharmacist husband, Leo (Dieter Herrmann), and their two children, Irma finds herself escaping more and more into a world of fantasy and an almost catatonic withdrawal. Brauer's subjective camera takes us into the dream world, where reality is barely recognizable.

In an ironic twist, Irma begins to imagine that she is a man named Klaus—played by Rolf Schmidt—who imagines himself to be a woman. Schmidt's fantasy transvestite homosexual offers a wry commentary on male and female role models; when Irma/Klaus meets, in the fantasy world, a homosexual named Karl



(Christian Fischer), the two form a relationship disturbingly like that of Irma and her husband.

The Asphalt Fiancée climaxes with the appearance, in the fantasy world, of Leo himself, now free to give vent to his longing to wear women's clothes and imitate Marlene Dietrich. The film closes on a

poignant reconciliation between Irma, Irma/Klaus, Leo, and Karl, all of whom remain in the fantasy world to dress like members of the opposite sex and shriek with hysterical laughter. Irma and Leo's children are left in the "real world" to fend for themselves and become terrorists. □

LETTERS

continued from page 27

Sirs:

The wife and I hate jelly beans, but God damn it, we eat 'em. We eat 'em by the bucketful. Everybody does. I feel like a gosh-darn nincompoop popping the dumb-ass things in my mouth, but I guess I have to thank my lucky stars Ron hasn't developed a taste for horse turds. There I might draw the line. Maybe.

George Bush
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Ogilvy's Theme Park is a gyp! Last week, Stella and me took the kids there and bought a ride-all-you-want ticket—\$25 for a family of four. But before we even got started, Stella was eaten by a tiger in the drive-through wild animal farm. I went back to the ticket booth right away to change our \$25 ticket for a \$19 family-of-three ticket. But you know what they told me? They told me, "Tough beans!"

Well, the way I see it, they owe me \$6, and if they don't pay up, I'm going to raise one helluva stink!

Clyde Contrell
Beaver Gap, Pa.

Sirs:

If Nebraska is the Midwest, then the Mideast must be Indiana. I would therefore like to know what all those Jews and camels are doing there, and why all this fighting is allowed to take place. Indiana used to be such a nice place before all those foreigners moved in. Dull, maybe, but you could walk the streets at night without having to duck a mortar barrage.

Dale Evans
Arizona

Sirs:

I've just discovered in *Omni* magazine that a year on the planet Venus is only 226 Earth-days long, but that a day on Venus is a whole 243 Earth-days long! Do you realize what this means? It means that if I can get to Venus by midnight of next year, it will always be New Year's Eve and I can stay drunk all the time, doctor's orders or not. Get Frank! Get Sammy! Get me a rocket ship!

Dean Martin
Beverly Hills, Cal.

Sirs:

I don't want to say I'm a decrepit old fascist, but if I have my face lifted one more time, my prick will hang out over my collar, and people will see the swastika tattooed on it. No, but seriously, I wanna tell you...

Bob Hope
On Tour

Sirs:

You really want to get your face on the cover of *Rolling Stone*? Just go down to where they print it, and lean over one of those giant printing presses just a little too far, like I did. Hurts like hell, take my word for it; but, then, the road to fame is never an easy one.

Faceless Willy
Groupie Veterans Hospital
Los Angeles

Sirs:

You're probably wondering what happened to us after the motion-picture deal fell through. Well, some of us got a job with Lawrence Welk as champagne bubbles. Others worked as oxygen bubbles on a recent scuba expedition searching for lost treasure off the Bahamas. One of us drives a cab. It's not exactly dream-come-true time, but we're hanging in there.

The scrubbing bubbles of
Dow Bathroom Cleanser

Sirs:

I was recently disinterred and revived by a group of scientists whose goal is to bring all the former presidents of the United States back to life. After being dead all those years, I immediately asked to speak with George Washington, the father of our country. But all the scientists just looked at each other. No one wanted to answer me. Finally, they admitted that I was the first president to be revived, explaining that they wanted to make sure their process worked, before trying it on "someone important."

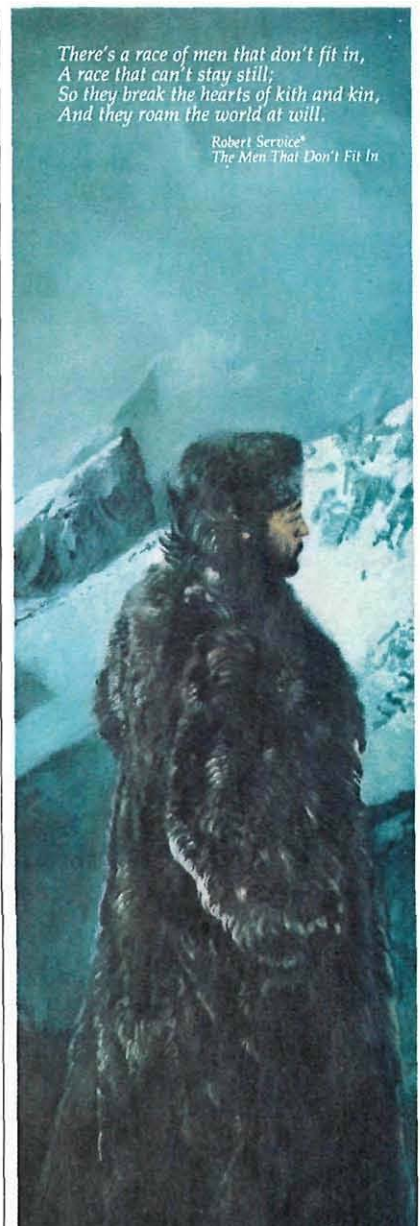
Okay, so I wasn't the greatest president. But if you guys think I was bad, just wait till they dig up Rutherford B. Hayes.

Millard Fillmore was no bargain either.

Chester A. Arthur,
21st President
Somewhere in Utah

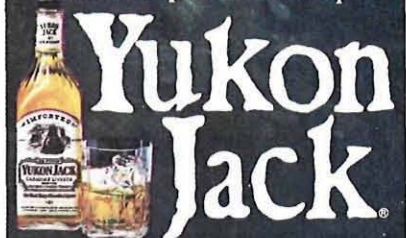
*There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.*

Robert Service
The Men That Don't Fit In



A one hundred proof potency that simmers just below the surface. Yet, so smooth and flavorful, it's unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted. Straight, mixed, or on the rocks, Yukon Jack is truly a spirit unto itself.

The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.



Yukon Jack
100 Proof Imported Liqueur
made with Blended Canadian Whisky.

Yukon Jack Imported and Bottled by Heublein Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A.: © 1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

NATIONAL LAMPOON 67



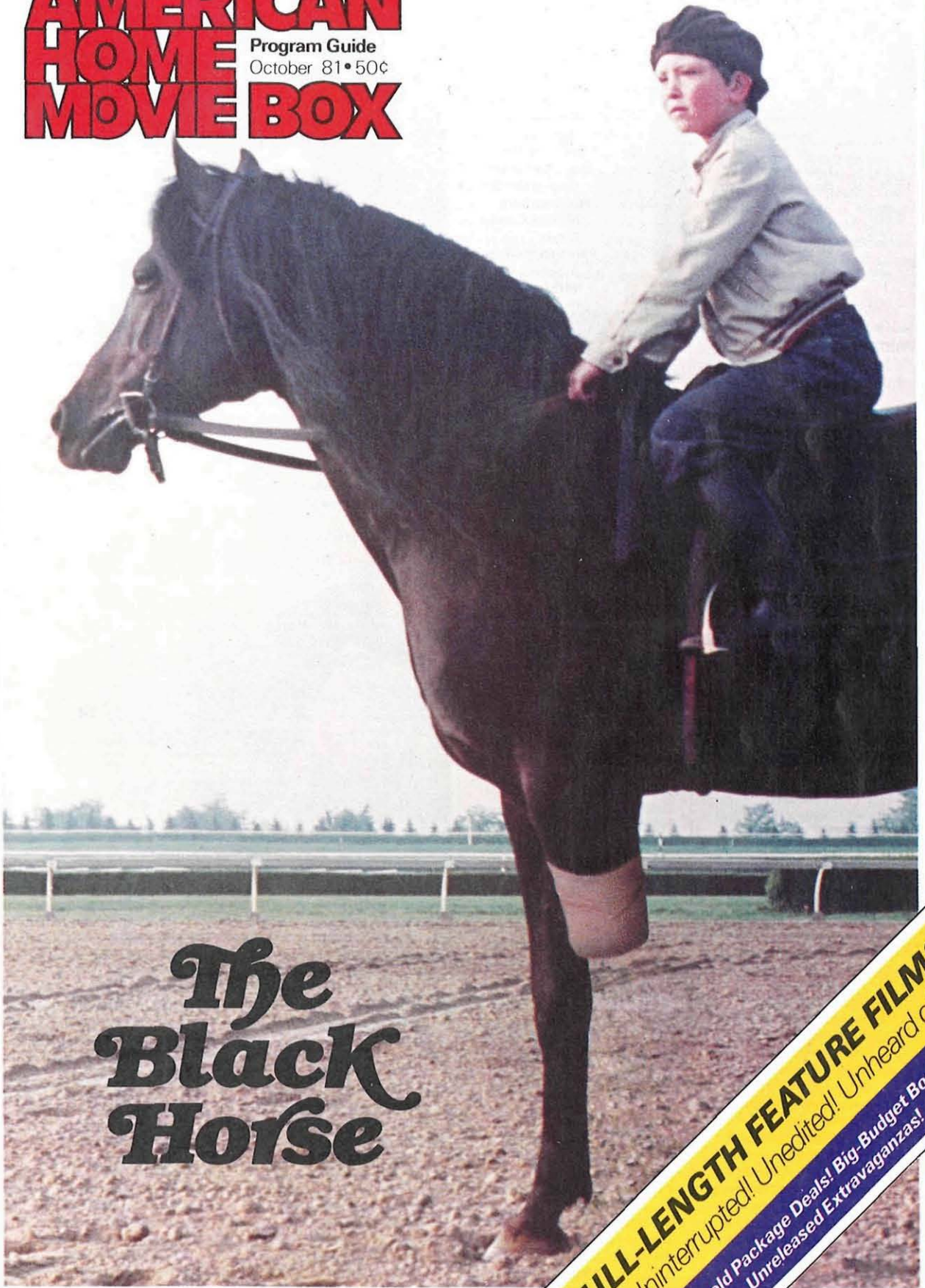
**A license to
drive doesn't
mean
a license to
drink.**

Don't drink too much of a good thing.
The Distilled Spirits Council of the United States.

1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

AMERICAN HOME MOVIE BOX

Program Guide
October 81 • 50¢



The Black Horse

FULL-LENGTH FEATURE FILMS!
Uninterrupted! Unedited! Unheard of!
Presold Package Deals! Big-Budget Bombs!
Unreleased Extravanzas!

THURSDAY, OCT. 1

- 7:00 A.M. **Adult Breakfast Movie**
"Cooze and Effect"
"Rio Lobo"
- 9:00 A.M. **Encore Theater**
"Rio Lobo"
- 11:00 A.M. **Network**
Commercials
(Spray 'n' Wash, Dentyne, Ford Escort, 7-Up, others)
- 1:00 P.M. **Cable News Brief**
Sports Dynasty: Chicago Cubs
- 1:15 P.M. "Rio Lobo"
- 8:00 P.M. "The Pig of Baghdad"
- 12:30 A.M. **Adult Programming**
"Sore Bone"
- 2:00 A.M. "Muppets Do Motown"

FRIDAY, OCT. 2

- 6:30 A.M. **Color Bars**
- 8:00 A.M. **Coffee Cake Theater**
"The Evolution of Monsieur Gorilla" (subtitles)
- 12:00 NOON "Topper Cheats at Cards"
- 1:30 P.M. "The Onion Ring"
- 3:00 P.M. "Texas Jigsaw Puzzle"
- 4:30 P.M. "Oops!"
- 6:00 P.M. **Dinner Break**
- 8:00 P.M. "Heaven's Gate Can Wait"
- 12:00 MID "The Devil's Doo"
- 1:30 A.M. "Rio Lobo"
- 3:00 A.M. "Lovers and Other Assholes"
- 4:30 A.M. **Static, Loud Annoying Buzzing Sound**

SATURDAY, OCT. 3

- 5:30 A.M. "101 Musketeers"
- 7:00 A.M. **Saturday on Wall Street**
- 8:30 A.M. "Take a Hike, Charlie Brown"
- 10:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"
- 12:00 NOON "The Elephant Woman"
- 2:00 P.M. "Rio Lobo"
- 3:30 P.M. **Sports Dynasty: Seattle Mariners**
- 4:30 P.M. "Nobody Likes You, Charlie Brown"
- 6:00 P.M. **Technical Difficulties**
- 7:00 P.M. **Ladies' Professional Football**
San Diego Poontangs v. New York Rags
- 10:00 P.M. **The Making of "Rio Lobo"**
- 11:30 P.M. **Movie Box Sneak Preview—"Rio Lobo, Part II"**
- 1:00 A.M. **Adult Programming**
"Rusty Cunts"
- 3:00 A.M. "Brother Sun, Reverend Moon"
- 4:30 A.M. **Sports, Weather, News, "Rio Lobo"**

SUNDAY, OCT. 4

- 9:00 A.M. **Station Promos**
- 10:00 A.M. "Bess"
- 12:00 NOON "Peter Allen at Folsom Prison"
- 2:00 P.M. "Shonuf"
- 4:00 P.M. "Hard Parts"
- 5:30 P.M. "The Throne of Porcelain"
- 6:30 P.M. "Cavalry Wagons Heading Way Out West"
- 8:00 P.M. "The Black Horse"
- 10:00 P.M. "National Lampoon Goes to the Bank"
- 2:00 A.M. "Not Even Your Mother, Charlie Brown"
- 3:30 A.M. **Photograph of the American flag, with background music**

MONDAY, OCT. 5

- 7:00 A.M. "One Flew Over the Septic Tank"
- 9:00 A.M. "Obol Oir" (subtitles)
- 11:00 A.M. **Junk Jap Movie Festival**
- 3:00 P.M. **Animal Gymnastics After-School Movie**
- 4:00 P.M. "Sore Pone"
- 6:00 P.M. **Dinner Theater**
"Pus!"
- 8:00 P.M. "Too Hard to Come"
- 10:00 P.M. "Skuttle Butt, the Bear with the Big Bottom"
- 12:00 MID **Nothing**
- 2:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"
- 3:30 A.M. "Bess"

TUESDAY, OCT. 6

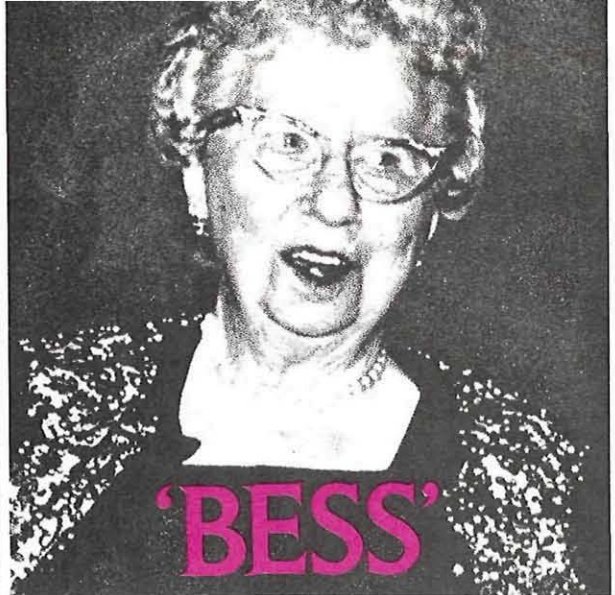
(same as Oct. 5)

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7

- 8:00 A.M. **Bob Fosse's "Self-indulgence"**
- 4:00 P.M. **Old Disney Wildlife Films**
- 6:00 P.M. "Parts, Part II"
- 8:00 P.M. "Le Faggot Amour Francais"
- 10:00 P.M. "The Big Brown One"
- 12:00 MID **John Wayne Festival**
"Rio Lobo"
- 1:30 A.M. **Bedtime, no programming**

THURSDAY, OCT. 8

- 7:30 A.M. **Satellite**
Transmission Screw-up
- 8:30 A.M. "Sphagnum Moss"
- 10:30 A.M. "2002, a BMW Odyssey"
- 12:30 P.M. **Celebrity Slide Show**
- 5:00 P.M. "Bess"
- 7:00 P.M. "The Grunting"
- 9:00 P.M. "Hands Up, Charlie Brown"
- 11:00 P.M. "He Knows You're Naked"
- 1:00 A.M. "Cheech and Chong's Latest Piece of Sh*t"
- 3:00 A.M. **Western Classics**
"Rio Lobo"



Roman Polanski's brilliant adaptation of the diary of a First Lady. It's like its source—intelligent, beautiful, spacious, lonely, old, and nearly forgotten. The fetching young Bess marries Harry and finds herself in the White House hosting teas and sponsoring civic projects. But fate and time take her beloved Harry and exile her to her Missouri home, where she waits for an occasional note from Pat Nixon. Omar Sharif plays the Secret Service agent assigned to her protection. James Coburn stars as the doctor who replaces her broken hip with a plastic surrogate. (Adult situations, profanity, old people, occasional violence.) (VD) (1 52) Oct. 4, 5, 6, 8, 9.



A boy and a large black horse form a bond that has everybody wondering. Kelly Reno plays the introverted young boy who knows what horses need. George Kennedy co-stars as the big sensitive horse. Mickey Rooney is a crusty old ex-jockey who loves young boys as much as he does championship horses, and maybe a little bit more. (Long, breathtaking shots of beautiful scenery uninterrupted by story or action; no violence; no adult situations or dialogue.) (PU) (2 52) Oct. 10, Dec. 1, 2, 6.

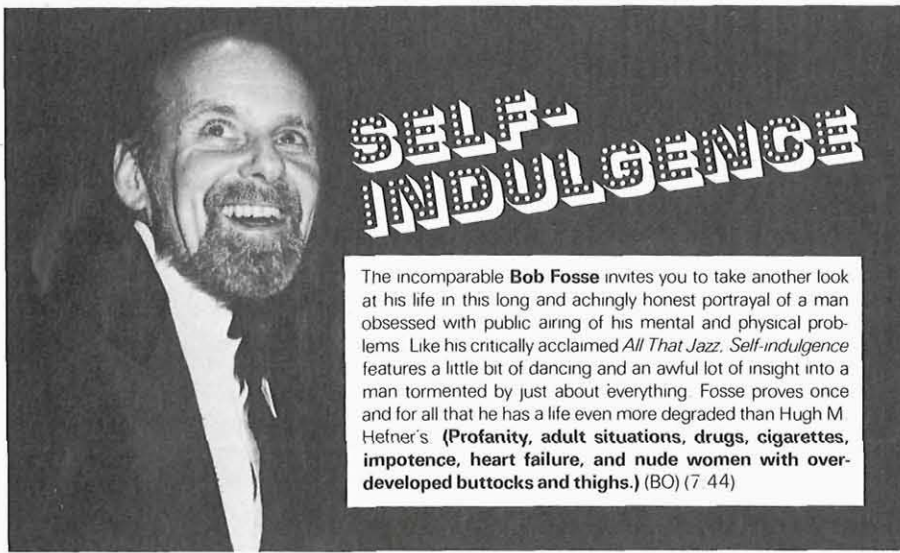
FRIDAY, OCT. 9

- 8:00 A.M. **Program Director Warns Children Not to Mess with In-Home Equipment**
- 9:00 A.M. **1956 World Series Highlights**
- 12:00 NOON "Electronic Horseman"
- 2:00 P.M. **Phillips Petroleum Promotional Film**
- 4:00 P.M. **Encyclopedia Britannica Films Presents**
"Eskimos of the Frozen North"

- 4:30 P.M. **Ladies' Professional Football**
Milwaukee Gashes v. Boston Bitches
- 7:00 P.M. "Rio Lobo"
- 9:00 P.M. "Bess"
- 11:00 P.M. "Bess"
- 1:00 A.M. "Bess"
- 3:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"

SATURDAY, OCT. 10

- 6:30 A.M. **Breakfast with John Wayne**
"Rio Lobo"
- 8:30 A.M. "The Elephant Woman"
- 10:30 A.M. [MOVIE SELECTED BUT NOT PURCHASED YET]



SELF-INDULGENCE

The incomparable **Bob Fosse** invites you to take another look at his life in this long and achingly honest portrayal of a man obsessed with public airing of his mental and physical problems. Like his critically acclaimed *All That Jazz*, *Self-Indulgence* features a little bit of dancing and an awful lot of insight into a man tormented by just about everything. Fosse proves once and for all that he has a life even more degraded than Hugh M. Hefner's. (Profanity, adult situations, drugs, cigarettes, impotence, heart failure, and nude women with overdeveloped buttocks and thighs.) (BO) (7.44)

The ASSHOLE

Steve Martin (*Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*), that wild and crazy guy, does *The Jerk* one better. He's not only the looniest guy on the planet, he's loud and obnoxious and out of jokes! (D) (1.02) Nov. 16, 18, 20.

MOVIE BOX SNEAK PREVIEW

Join **Stiller and Meara** for a look back at what you've seen this month. They will show film clips from the movies you've already seen and will recall, with a light touch, how many times you've seen them! They will also apologize for the technical difficulties and poor programming and use up two hours of air time that would otherwise be devoted to another showing of *Rio Lobo*.

- 12:30 P.M. "Whip It Out, Charlie Brown"
- 1:30 P.M. "Are You Deaf, Charlie Brown?"
- 3:00 P.M. "Not Tomorrow, Charlie Brown, Now!"
- 4:30 P.M. Reader's Digest Condensed Films "Soldier of Orange"
- 4:40 P.M. Ford Motor Company Presents Consumer Notebook "Compact Cars, Station Wagons, Light Trucks"
- 8:00 P.M. "The Black Horse"
- 10:00 P.M. Sports Dynasty: Kansas City Athletics

- 12:00 MID Critics Corner Janet Maslin Reviews "Rio Lobo"
- 1:30 A.M. "Assignment: Norway"
- 4:00 A.M. "Peter Allen at Joliet Prison"

- SUNDAY, OCT. 11**
- 9:00 A.M. "Raise the Budget"
 - 11:30 A.M. "Mr. Reagan Goes to Washington"
 - 1:30 P.M. "The Wind of the Lion"
 - 3:00 P.M. "The Incredible Birthday Goose"
 - 4:30 P.M. "Topper Gets Bent"
 - 6:00 P.M. Great Men's Younger Brothers: Ted Kennedy

- 8:00 P.M. "Honey Suck My Rose"
- 10:00 P.M. "Chapter Two, Page Seven, Paragraph Nine"
- 12:00 MID Adult Programming "Super Slut, 2000"
- 2:00 A.M. "Mickey Dread at the Grand Ole Opry"
- 4:00 A.M. "The Zoo Squad"

MONDAY, OCT. 12
 [NO PROGRAMMING. CANADIAN THANKSGIVING. HAVE A HAPPY HOLIDAY.]

- TUESDAY, OCT. 13**
- 7:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"
 - 8:30 A.M. "Bring Me the Head of Charlie Brown"
 - 10:00 A.M. Ladies' Professional Football Saint Louis Bush Beaters v. Cleveland Clits
 - 1:00 P.M. "Rocky Builds His Dream House"
 - 3:00 P.M. After-School Cinema "Sore Bone"
 - 5:00 P.M. "Bette Midler Is a Divine Swine"
 - 7:00 P.M. Great Pitchmen of the Silver Screen "Orson Welles for Paul Masson Wine"
 - 8:00 P.M. "A Change of Underwear"
 - 10:00 P.M. "The Cereal"
 - 11:00 P.M. "Hell and/or High Water"

- 1:00 A.M. "Those Damn Beavers!"
- 4:00 A.M. "The Man with the Golden Retriever"

- WEDNESDAY, OCT. 14**
- 7:00 A.M. "Wholly Shit"
 - 9:00 A.M. Reader's Digest Condensed Films "Cindy Shaves"

- 9:05 A.M. "Winnie Winkle: The Movie"
- 11:00 A.M. "The Rat Who Smelled His Own Cheese"
- 1:00 P.M. "!!!!"
- 3:00 P.M. Commercials for the Deaf
- 4:00 P.M. "Rio Lobo"
- 6:00 P.M. "Cracks"
- 8:00 P.M. "The Bear Is Kinda Special"
- 9:00 P.M. Italian Movie
- 11:00 P.M. "9 to 5 (In the Bottom of the Seventh, Two Outs, No Men On, Mike Schmidt in the On-Deck Circle)"
- 1:00 A.M. "Any Which Way But Entertaining"
- 3:00 A.M. "Topper Gets His Hose Stretched"

- THURSDAY, OCT. 15**
- 7:00 A.M. "Been There"
 - 9:00 A.M. Jennifer O'Neill Festival "Rio Lobo"
 - 11:00 A.M. "Adolf Hitler: Portrait of a Real Asshole"
 - 1:00 P.M. Movie Box Previews
 - 8:00 P.M. Marlon Brando's Implausible Evil Oil Company Movie
 - 10:00 P.M. "Take This Film and Shove It!"
 - 12:00 MID "Prehistoric Animal House"
 - 2:00 A.M. [CLEANING THE SATELLITE. NO PROGRAMMING.]

- FRIDAY, OCT. 16**
- 7:00 A.M. [SATELLITE NOT BACK FROM CLEANERS.]
 - 4:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"

- SATURDAY, OCT. 17**
- 8:00 A.M. "War and Peace, Part I"
 - 10:00 A.M. "War and Peace, Part II"
 - 12:00 NOON "War and Peace, Part III"
 - 2:00 P.M. "War and Peace, Part IV"
 - 4:00 P.M. "War and Peace, Part V"
 - 6:00 P.M. "War and Peace, Part VI"
 - 8:00 P.M. "War and Peace, Part VII"
 - 10:00 P.M. "War and Peace, Part VIII"
 - 12:00 MID "War and Peace, Part IX"
 - 2:00 A.M. "War and Peace, Part X"
 - 4:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"

- SUNDAY, OCT. 18**
- 8:00 A.M. Ladies' Professional Football Memphis Muffs v. Dallas Tits

- 11:00 A.M. Old-fashioned Musical
- 1:00 P.M. "Up Your Ass"
- 3:00 P.M. Great Pitchmen of the Silver Screen
"Brenda Vaccaro for Playtex Tampons"
- 4:00 P.M. Jack Elam Festival
"Rio Lobo"
- 6:00 P.M. "Hemorrhoids from the Deep"
- 8:00 P.M. "Greece"
- 10:00 P.M. "10"
- 12:00 MID. "Raging Cow"
- 2:00 A.M. "The Milkman Calls First"
- 4:00 A.M. Sports Dynasty:
Washington Senators

MONDAY, OCT. 19

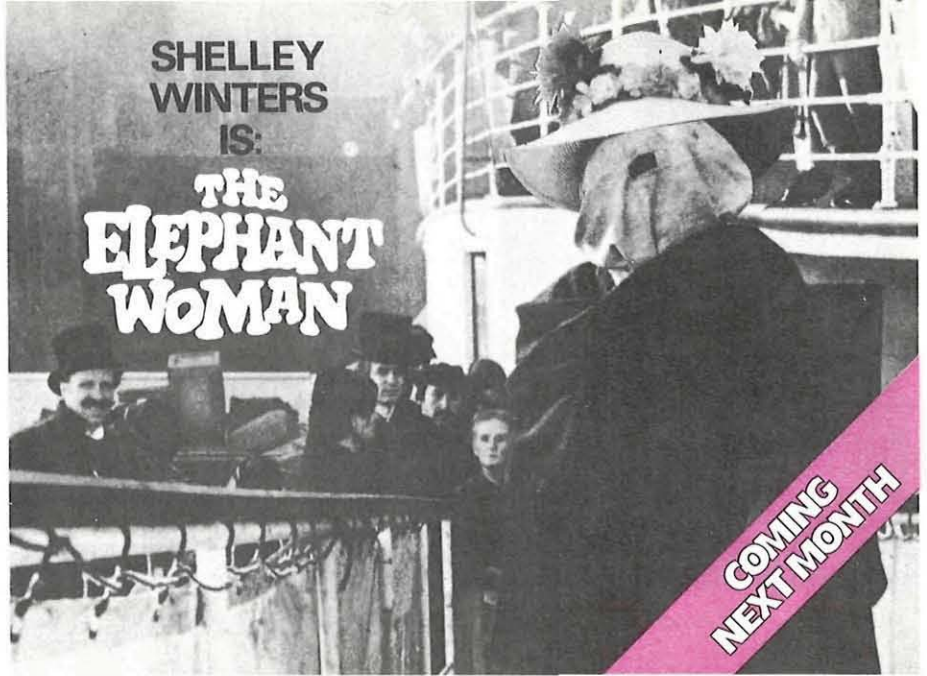
- 8:00 A.M. "Lost Planet of Detroit"
- 10:00 A.M. "Little Sluts"
- 12:00 NOON "Thunderjugs and Ballbuster"
- 1:00 P.M. "Bronco Bob"
- 2:00 P.M. "Once in Paris, Twice in the Ass"
- 4:00 P.M. Movie Box
Board Meeting
- 7:00 P.M. Read a Book!
- 10:00 P.M. The Best of Carson
- 12:00 MID. "Zorba the Geek"
- 2:00 A.M. "The Lingering"
- 4:00 A.M. Inexpensive
Japanese Thriller Movie

TUESDAY, OCT. 20

- 8:00 A.M. Top-O Nondairy Creamer
- 10:00 A.M. "Excuse Me, But That's My Wife's Thing You Happen to Be Fondling with Your Dirty Hands" (subtitles)
- 12:30 P.M. "The Boy Who Loved Cookies for Breakfast"
- "Pffft!"
- 2:30 P.M. "Young Mummies"
- 4:00 P.M. "The Tinkler"
- 6:00 P.M. "We Warned You, Charlie Brown!"
- 10:00 P.M. Voyage to the Bottom of the Film Files
- 12:00 MID. "God Is My Copilot, Christ Is My Flight Attendant"
- 2:00 A.M. "From Hell to Pittsburgh"

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 21

- 7:00 A.M. Midnight Cult Movie
- 9:00 A.M. Knock! Knock! Who's There?
- 11:00 A.M. Sam and Janet
- 1:00 P.M. Sam and Janet
- 3:00 P.M. Sam and Janet Who?
- 5:00 P.M. "Sam 'n' Janet Evening!"
- 7:00 P.M. I've Heard That Joke Before
- 9:00 P.M. I'm So Sorry



- 11:00 P.M. No Big Deal
- 1:00 A.M. How About We Go to a Movie?
- 3:00 A.M. What's Playing?
- 5:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"

THURSDAY, OCT. 22

- 9:00 A.M. "Grunts and Giggles"
- 12:00 NOON Great Pitchmen of the Silver Screen
"Lloyd Nolan for Poli-Grip"
- 2:00 P.M. Ladies' Professional Football
Utah Bearded Clams v. Chicago Cramps
- 4:00 P.M. "Rest in Peace, Charlie Brown"
- 6:00 P.M. "Krotch"
- 8:00 P.M. "The Final Conflict: The Fourth Chapter of the Omen Trilogy"
- 10:00 P.M. Adult Programming
"White Stuff"
- 12:00 MID. "Cher in Chains"
- 2:00 P.M. "Peter Allen at Cedars of Lebanon"

FRIDAY, OCT. 23

- 9:00 A.M. "Melvin and Maude"
- 12:00 NOON "Harold and Howard"
- 3:00 P.M. "Bonnie and Maude"
- 6:00 P.M. "Harold and Clyde"
- 9:00 P.M. "Shifting Gears"
- 12:00 P.M. Go to Bed
- 2:00 A.M. Put On Some Soft Music
- 4:00 A.M. And Fuck Your Wife For a Change
- 6:00 A.M.

SATURDAY, OCT. 24

- 9:00 A.M. Illegal Network Tie-in
- 11:00 A.M. "Three Drunks in the Fountain"

- 1:00 P.M. "The Polack Who Fell from a Ladder in Spain"
- 3:00 P.M. Winter Baseball Meetings
- 5:00 P.M. "Mammals Are People, Too!"
- 7:00 P.M. Mexican Cinema
"Huevos Rancheros!"
- 9:00 P.M. "The Incredible Shrinking Star"
- 11:00 P.M. "Panty Party"
- 1:00 A.M. "Good Guys Wear Pants"
- 3:00 A.M. "Caveman's Daughter"

SUNDAY, OCT. 25

[NO TRANSMISSION. SOME OF YOU HAVE BEEN LATE WITH YOUR MONTHLY PAYMENTS. PROGRAMMING WILL NOT RESUME UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHO. IF SOME OF YOU WANT TO SPOIL IT FOR EVERYBODY, FINE.]

MONDAY, OCT. 26

- 9:00 A.M. Federal Express Commercials
- 11:00 A.M. "The Bubble Bath Girls"
- 2:00 P.M. "Fist of Fingers"
- 4:00 P.M. "Fort Apache: The One with the Indians and Cavalry"
- 6:00 P.M. "Big Fat Mama"
- 8:00 P.M. "Nighthaws"
- 10:00 P.M. "Camel Lot"
- 12:00 MID. "Moo!"
- 2:00 A.M. "Used Jokes"
- 4:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"

TUESDAY, OCT. 27

[SAME AS SATURDAY, OCT. 3, SEPT. 12, 19, AUGUST 8, 15, 22.]

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 28

[TEACHERS' CONFERENCES.]

THURSDAY, OCT. 29

- 9:00 A.M. Erma Bombeck Presents

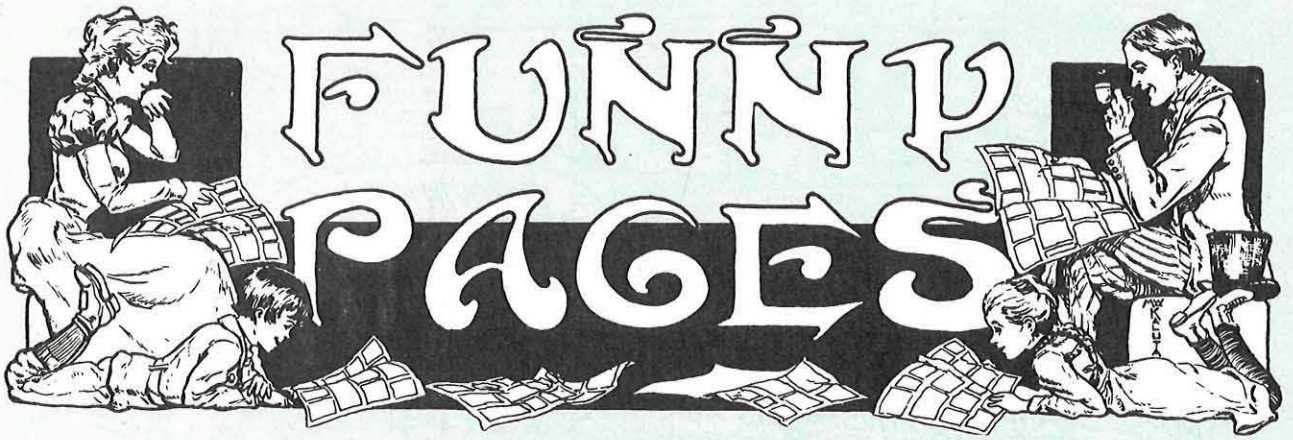
- 11:00 A.M. "The Empire Strikes It Rich"
- 2:00 P.M. "Oh, God! Another Oh, God!"
- 4:00 P.M. "Come Blow Your Dog"
- 6:00 P.M. "Rio Lobo"
- 8:00 P.M. "Lobo Rio"
- 10:00 P.M. "R-i-o L-o-b-o"
- 12:00 MID. "Reeeeeeeooooo Loooooo-bbbbbbbbooooo"
- 2:00 A.M. "Reeeeeee-o Looooooob-o"
- 4:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"

FRIDAY, OCT. 30

- 9:00 A.M. New Program Guide Arrives in the Mail
- 11:00 A.M. It's Just About the Same as This Month's
- 2:00 P.M. Except, No "Rio Lobo"
- 4:00 P.M. Our Contract Expired
- 6:00 P.M. But That's Okay
- 8:00 P.M. We Got Another John Wayne Movie
- 10:00 P.M. We Think You'll Like
- 12:00 MID. It's Called
- 2:00 A.M. "Hondo"
- 4:00 A.M. "Rio Lobo"

SATURDAY, OCT. 31

- 9:00 A.M. "Trick or Treat"
- 11:00 A.M. "Exit the Dragon, Enter Mr. Rogers"
- 1:00 P.M. "The Private Eyes of Sgt. Benjamin"
- 4:00 P.M. "I Piss on Your Lunch"
- 6:00 P.M. "Every Good Boy Does Fine"
- 8:00 P.M. "My Dog Has Fleas"
- 10:00 P.M. Only a Few Jokes to Go
- 12:00 MID. Almost Finished
- 2:00 P.M. "Rio Lobo" □



Deirdre Callahan - a biography

DEIRDRE CALLAHAN IS A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT HER IMAGE CAUSES SOME WHO VIEW HER TO KILL THEMSELVES! IN OTHERS THE CORNEAS OF THEIR EYES ARE BURNED TO A CRISP!

WASHINGTON, D.C. - HAVING LEARNED OF THIS PHENOMENON, THE CIA HAS A MEETING...

HEY - YOUR FINGERS STINK!

DEIRDRE, THIS BAG WITH THE NICE FACE PAINTED ON IT WILL KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE. IT'S MADE OF CHEESECLOTH SO THAT YOU CAN SEE AND BREATHE THROUGH IT.

THIS MISSION HAS THE OKAY FROM THE VERY HIGHEST AUTHORITY. WHITE, YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE. GET THE CHILD. HOW YOU GET HER DOESN'T MATTER - JUST GET HER! BLACK, YOU'LL HELP WHITE THE BLACK.

BLACK AND WHITE GO TO THE DUMP TO FETCH DEIRDRE...

HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS, SIR - IN BRAILLE.

YE AH - THEY FEEL OKAY. WHAT DO YOU WANT?

ACCURSED AFFIRMATIVE ACTION!

...THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LIVES HERE WITH YOU - THE CIA NEEDS HER FOR A TOP-SECRET MISSION.

...NO WAY - I'M NOT - AS LONG AS I - THAT POOR KID - YOU PEOPLE -

WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO ARGUE, MISTER, WE MUST HAVE THE GIRL! HERE'S A RECEIPT FOR ONE GIRL - YOU'LL GET A BRAILLE DUPLICATE IN THE MAIL IN A FEW DAYS.

GOOD AFTERRRRRNOON, ZHANTLEMIN!

SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, BLIND BOB! I'M GLAD YOU'RE BLIND SO YOU CAN'T WATCH TV - EVER - SO LONG AS YOU LIVE!

KORNILOV AND LITVINOV OF THE KGB!!!

YESSS, KORRRRRNILOV AND LITVINOV AT YOURRRRR SERVICE - HAND OVERRR HORRRRRIBLE CHILD!

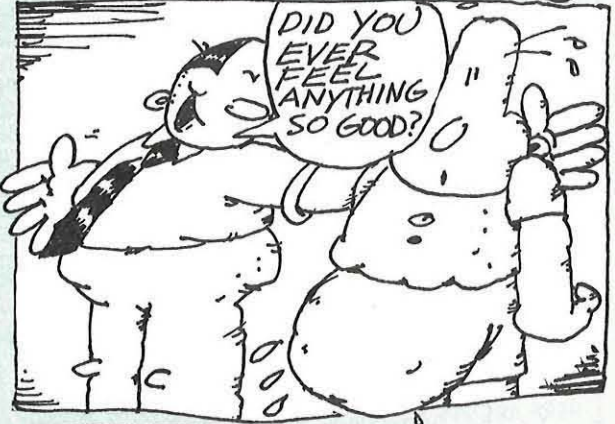
HMMMMM, LEFT-WINGERS? CONTINUED...

THE RABBIT BOY

BY Len Glasser ©1981

CHAPTER 5

THE STORY SO FAR: AFTER A SERIES OF NEEDLESS EXPLORATORY OPERATIONS, MEDICAL SCIENCE FINDS "THE WILD CHILD" TO BE AN ORDINARY IF SOMEWHAT HUGE BOY. BERT'S BENEFACTOR, MRS. STANFIELD, INSTRUCTS HER CHAUFFEUR, CARLOS, TO TAKE BERT OUT FOR A LONG RIDE AND LOSE HIM. BERT HITCHES A RIDE EAST WITH A TRAVELING SALESMAN NAMED CEDRIC NOOVIN.



POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett

THE FINAL GAME OF THE WORLD SERIES, LAST HALF OF THE NINTH, SCORE TIED, BIBLWSKI'S ON THIRD, DUNKEL IS UP...

DUNKEL HITS A LINE DRIVE TO LEFT!... BIBLWSKI HEADS HOME!... THE THROW...

BUT, OH! THE CATCHER DROPS THE BALL!!!



AND NOW BIBLWSKI IS HIT WITH A STEEL HANKY!

YOU CAN IMPROVE YOUR ETIQUETE AVERAGE BY PICKING UP SOMETHING WHEN SOMEONE DROPS IT.

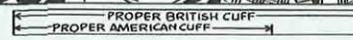
EXCUSE ME, YOU DROPPED THIS!

THE FANS HAVE GONE CRAZY WITH RAGE! THEY'RE ACTUALLY TEARING BIBLWSKI TO PIECES!



© 1981 RON BARRETT

DO YOU HAVE CUFF ENOUGH? CLIP N' SAVE YOUR OFFICIAL POLITENESSMAN TROUSER CUFF GAUGE!



Aunt Mary's KITCHEN

M.K. BROWN © 1981

WELL, SO MUCH FOR HOLLANDAISE SAUCE!

MY BROTHER LEO IS INVOLVED IN SOME DISTURBANCE AT A RESTAURANT AND I HAVE TO GO ROUND HIM UP IN THE RAIN



OH, DEAR - THIS MUST BE THE PLACE... I DON'T SEE LEO



WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, OFFICER?



NOW I'M WONDERING IF I TURNED OFF THE STOVE



NEXT MONTH: HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

Making it
in
HOLLYWOOD
TRICK GEARY
©1981



I'VE BEEN LIVING HERE FOR ABOUT 3 YEARS, TRYING TO BECOME A SCREENWRITER.



SO FAR, I HAVEN'T BEEN TOO SUCCESSFUL AT IT...



THO, BY NOW, I HAVE A LARGE BODY OF COLLECTED WORK.



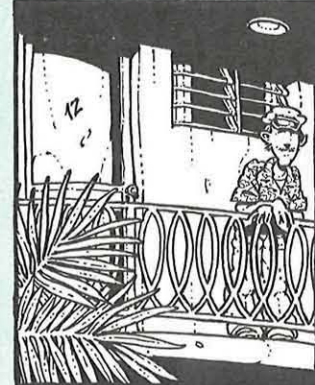
I CAN'T SELL ANY OF IT UNLESS I'M REPRESENTED BY AN AGENT.



BUT NO AGENT WILL REPRESENT ME UNTIL I SELL SOMETHING.



FRANKLY, I WAS STUMPED—SO I'VE TAKEN A JOB IN THIS ALL-NITE MARKET.



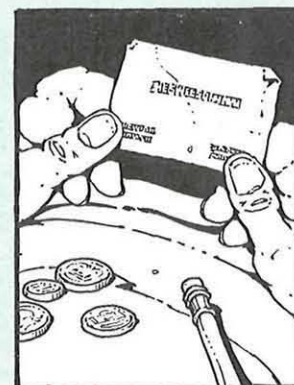
MY APARTMENT—BUT NOT FOR LONG IF I DON'T PAY THE RENT.



MY CAR, I'M AFRAID, WON'T BE AROUND MUCH LONGER, EITHER.



ONE DAY LAST YEAR A MAN CAME INTO THE MARKET WHO SAID HE WAS A PRODUCER.



HE SEEMED TO LIKE MY IDEAS AND INVITED ME TO HIS HOUSE TO "CONFAB."



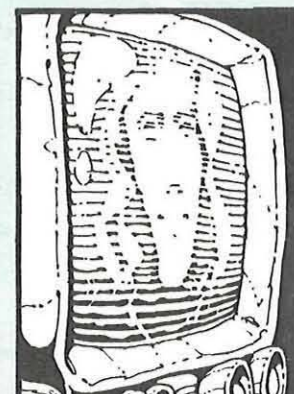
WHEN I GOT THERE, HE HAD ME STAND OUTSIDE HIS GATE AND SHOUT THRU THE INTERCOM.



I TOLD HIM MY BEST STORY—A DRAMA ABOUT A HOUSEWIFE WHO SECRETLY PERFORMS ABORTIONS.



HE THANKED ME AND SENT ME ON MY WAY, ASSURING ME HE'D BE IN TOUCH—THAT WAS A YEAR AGO.



JUST LAST WEEK, TO MY SURPRISE MY STORY POPPED UP ON A NETWORK MOVIE STARRING OLIVIA LEACHMAN.



I'M NOT SURE IF I'LL EVER GET THE HANG OF THIS BUSINESS.

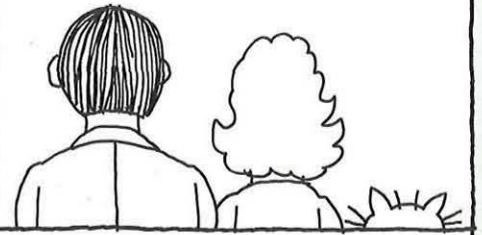
FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL

BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # B-7

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

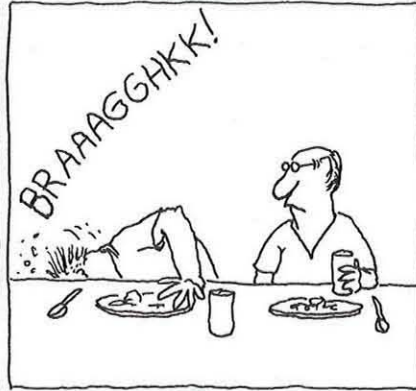
FOR THE EXPERIENCED COMIC ARTIST, THERE'S A SOLUTION FOR EVERY PROBLEM. **EXAMPLE:** YOU HAVE TROUBLE DRAWING FACES? SIMPLY TURN YOUR CHARACTERS 180°, THEN PROCEED AS USUAL AND NO ONE WILL NOTICE.



MAN, WOMAN, AND CAT DRAWN BY COMIC ARTIST WHO HAS TROUBLE WITH FACES.

WARD

by CHENEY



CONVERSATIONS

Mimi Pond



A HOT
TIME AT

THE EDGE Apartments

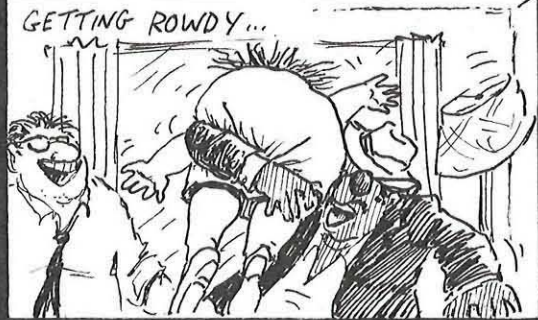
1604 K. TUTTLE & CO. 1991



A PARTY IN 617.



GETTING ROWDY...



RALPH IN 517 IS TRYING TO WATCH
"BOMBA THE JUNGLE BOY."



IN 615, BEDLAH FEARS
THE WORST.



GOT TO GET MORE WINE.



HEAD INJURIES.



ROY FORGOT HIS KEY.



HERE
COMES
THE
MANAGER.



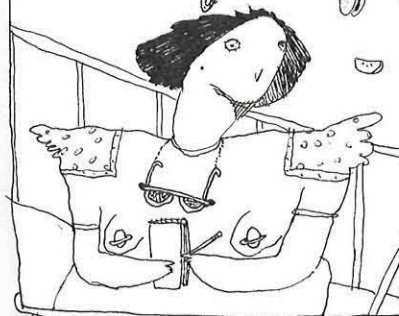
NEW WAVE COMICS

MARK MARK

MAXINE HERE:
PROFESSIONAL
WAITRESS



I LOVE SERVING PEOPLE. THEY NEED
ME WHEN THEY ARE HUNGRY AND
WEARY



MY MOTHER WAS A WAITRESS, MY GRANDMOTHER
WAS A WAITRESS, MY TWO DAUGHTERS WILL BE
WAITRESSES



MISS, THIS AIN'T MY
POKE CHOP, MY POKE
CHOP IS BIGGER AND
MORE ANGULAR

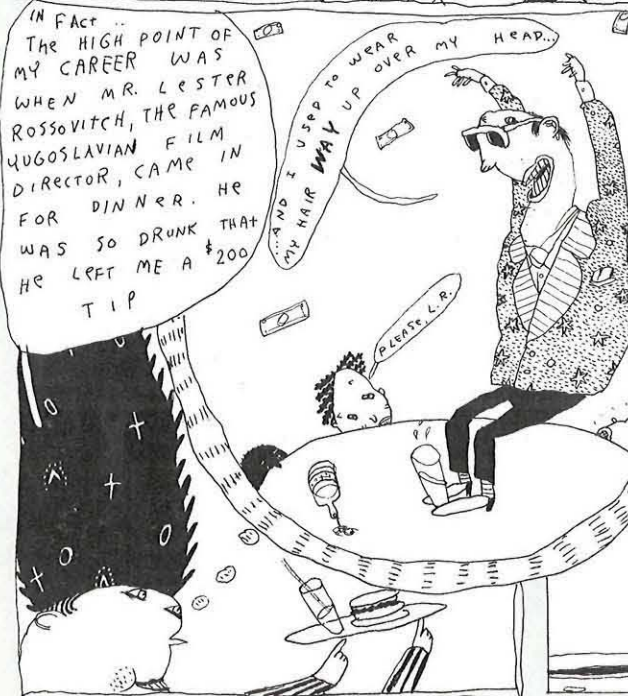
AND BESIDES, THE TIPS AREN'T
BAD

YOUR TITS AIN'T BAD
EITHER, MA MA



IN FACT...
THE HIGH POINT OF
MY CAREER WAS
WHEN MR. LESTER
ROSSOVITCH, THE FAMOUS
YUGOSLAVIAN FILM
DIRECTOR, CAME IN
FOR DINNER. HE
WAS SO DRUNK THAT
HE LEFT ME A \$200
TIP

...AND I USED TO WEAR
MY HAIR WAY UP OVER MY HEAD...



I WAS SO EXCITED, THAT I WENT
SHOPPING THE VERY NEXT DAY
AND BOUGHT 3 NEW REST-
AURANT UNIFORMS AND FIVE
BEAUTIFUL HAIR NETS.



TIMBERLAND

Tales
by B.K. Taylor

DOCTOR ROGERS KATHLEEN MAURICE... THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE JOYR. CONSTABLE TOM. RUMORED TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DAMAGE.

IT'S HALLOWEEN NIGHT AND MAURICE IS MAKING HIS WAY TO DR. ROGERS'S CABIN WITH HIS NEWLY CARVED JACK-O-LANTERN. ONLY THE GLOW OF THE CANDLE WITHIN MARKS HIS WAY...

WHEN...

C'MERE KID!

EY!

A KIDNAPPER SNATCHES MAURICE FROM HIS PATH.

BACK AT THE HIDEOUT OF THE KIDNAPPER, THE VILE MAN PLACES A CALL TO SET UP RANSOM OF YOUNG MAURICE'S LIFE.

AND YOU STAY PUT, YA HEAR!?

WHAT ABOUT MINE TRICK OR TREATING?

THE PHONE RINGS AT THE CABIN OF DR. ROGERS, BUT CONSTABLE TOM ANSWERS.

LOOK! I'VE GOT THE KID, MAURICE. IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE HIM ALIVE AGAIN, LEAVE \$ 25,000 IN UNMARKED BILLS UNDER THE STEPS OF THE MISSION...

CONSTABLE TOM DOES HIS BEST TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAY, BUT ALAS...

CLICK

HELLO! HEY! HELLO!

HELLO?

WHAT 'E SAY? IS 'E GONNA PAY UP?

CONFUSED AND DESPERATE, THE KIDNAPPER DECIDES TO STUFF YOUNG MAURICE UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS UNTIL HE CAN PLAN HIS NEXT MOVE.

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, KID. RIGHT NOW I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU.

OKAY...WHAT WE DO NOW, EH?

MAYBE WE GO TRICK OR TREATING, EH?

EY, LOOK, DAT BOARD SHE COME LOOSE!

'ERE, DIS FIX IT!

WUMP!

YAAARGH!

WOUNDED, THE VILLAIN IS ENRAGED.

YOU LITTLE HALFBREED PUNK! WAIT TIL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU...

WO, ME!?

HE LUNGES FOR MAURICE.

THUNK!

BUT MISSES.

GAUK! GET THIS THING OFF! MY HAIRS ON FIRE!

EY, MINE JACK-O-LANTERN!

SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR SOUND IS HEARD AT THE DOOR.

TRICK OR TREAT!

ELP!

AHHHHH!

YEEAHHH!

TRICK...

DR. ROGERS, CONSTABLE TOM, AND KATHLEEN STAND IN AMAZEMENT AS MAURICE AND THE KIDNAPPER DEPART.

WASN'T THAT MAURICE!? MY, WHAT A CLEVER COSTUME...

YEEEAHHH!

YES, THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW!

AND THIS IS THE STUFF OF LEGENDS. Happy HALLOWEEN!

LIVES OF THE AGENTS Number One in a Series
WILLIAM MORRIS by Ellis Weiner



JAMES GRASHOW

1834: William Morris is born in England. Studies at Oxford; trains as architect and painter. Friend of Burne-Jones, Rossetti, other Pre-Raphaelites.

1861: Disgusted with shoddy, ugly, mass-produced furniture and other domestic items, opens Morris, Marshall & Faulkner, Fine Art Workmen in Painting, Carving, Furniture, and the Metals. Devotes career to resisting mediocrity of Industrial Revolution, championing medieval handcraft skills.

1894: Morris's carpet, wallpaper, textile, and furniture designs have influenced a generation, ushered in Art Nouveau. He lectures widely: "As a condition of life, production by machinery is altogether an evil." Also, "The true basis of all art lies in the handicrafts." Discontent with designing, he becomes involved with the British stage. Advises D'Oyly Carte concerning costumes for Gilbert and Sullivan productions.

1904: Travels to America. Advises young American theatrical designers. Soon becomes their legal representative. Meets actors, singers, writers. Writes to his son in London: "The talent and high spirits of the American performers are matched only by their

naiveté and gullibility in business. Who shall protect their interests?"

1911: Forms the William Morris Agency, Representing Artists in Music, the Stage, and Literary Endeavors. Agency's name is later shortened.

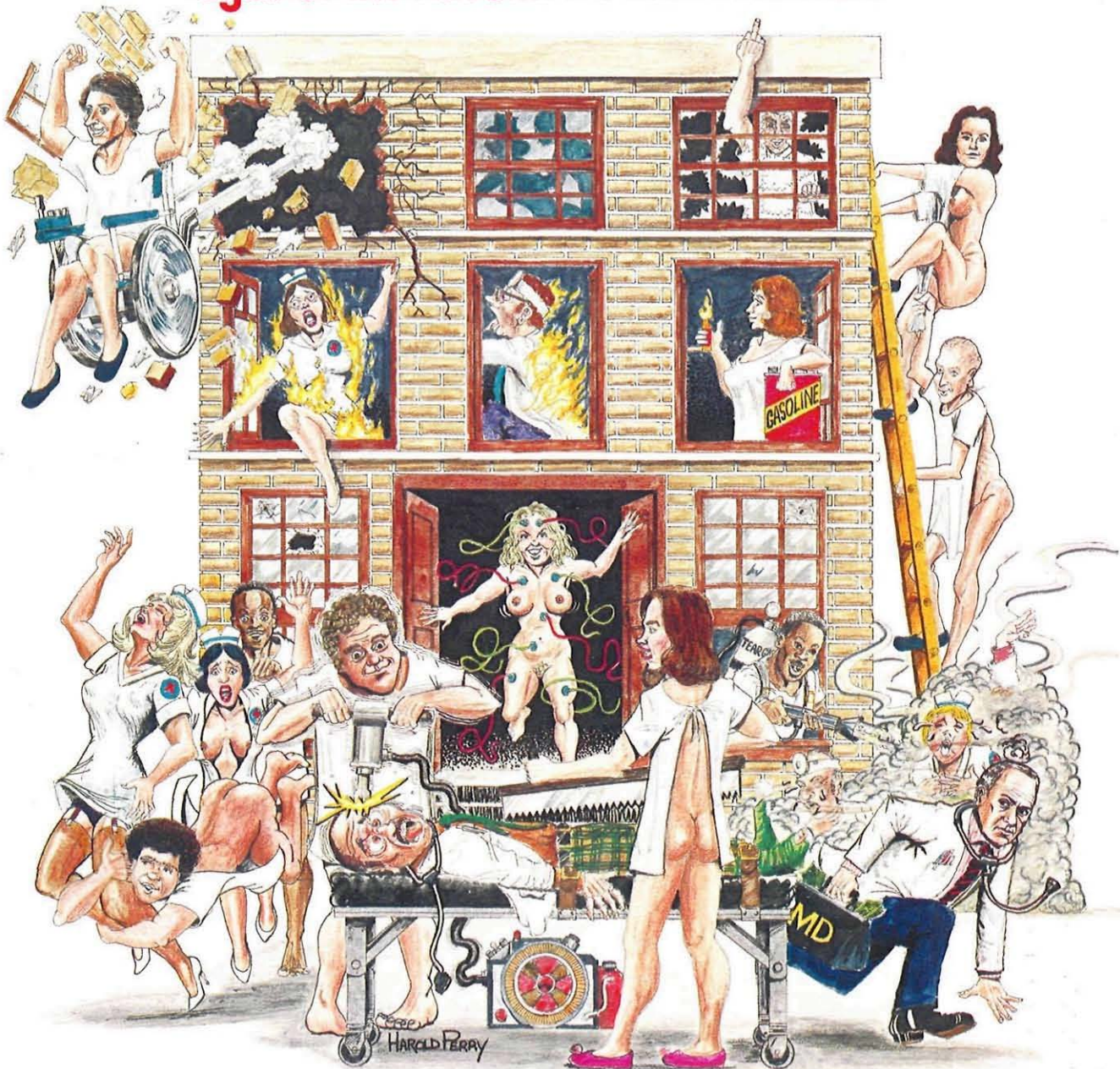
1922: Agency adds "the cinema" to its roster of departments. Morris himself represents Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, other authors. Writes son: "I have ordered that my motto, 'Put it in writing,' be hand stamped onto every letterhead in the office."

1936: Agency opens office in Los Angeles. Still in New York, Morris marries Mary Lou Jenkins, a Broadway chorus girl. She is 23; he is 102. They quarrel over his refusal to allow her to use a sewing machine.

1941: Morris moves to Hollywood, hobnobs with Gable, Groucho, Ladd, Bogart. Writes grandson: "The only man in this town who understands me is Edward G. Robinson." Claims he "hates movies." When U.S. enters war, he helps organize USO tours, designs floral camouflage prints for parachutes.

MAY 20, 1958: William Morris dies at the age of 124. Body is cremated at Forest Lawn Cemetery, Hollywood.

**It was the Terminal Cancers
against the rules...and the rules lost!**



TERMINAL HOUSE

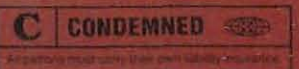
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A KNOBBY TIMMONS/SAUL RINGWORM PRODUCTION

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EDDIE MURPHY • GILBERT GOTTFRIED • RODGER BUMPASS • GARRETT MORRIS • and TONY CURTIS as Doctor Colon

Music by the STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK • Written by MASON WILLIAMS, PAT PAULSEN, and PETER STONE

Directed by ROD AMATEAU Song "PULL MY PLUG" composed and performed by the HINDENBURG DISASTER



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MIDWEST

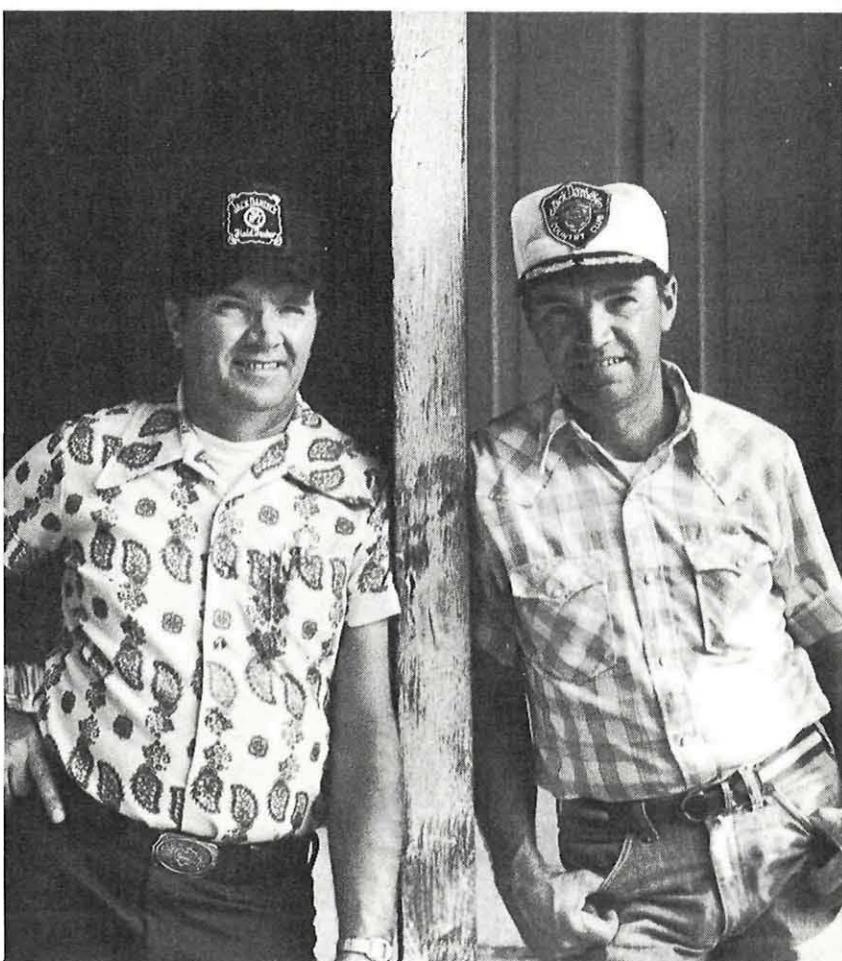
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Either Ray or Clay, who guide visitors here, will take you to a room where just-made whiskey is seeped through vats of tightly packed charcoal. And they'll point out how we've insisted on this whiskey-smoothing method since 1866. Of course, you may have trouble telling Ray from Clay. But if you compare Jack Daniel's to any other whiskey, you'll spot the difference in just a sip.



**CHARCOAL
MELLOWED**



DROP



BY DROP

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T H E GREATEST MOVIES

EVER TOLD

by John Bendel

The following stories consist entirely of actual movie titles. Honest. You can look them up. Each title is followed by the year the movie was released. At one time or another, most of them have appeared on American television.

"Tell Us About Your Marriage"



Call Me Mister (1951) I Was a Teenage Werewolf (1957) I Was a Shoplifter (1950) I Never Sang for My Father (1970) Nobody's Perfect (1968) I Married a Woman (1958) She Wrote the Book (1946) Some Came Running (1958) They All Kissed the Bride (1942) Along Came a Spider (1969) She Couldn't Say No (1954) And Now Miguel (1966) This Man Must Die (1970) Stop Me Before I Kill! (1961) I Want a Divorce (1940)

They Call Me Trinity (1972) This Is My Affair (1937) I Married a Monster from Outer Space (1958) Behold My Wife (1935) She Lives! (1973) The Beast Must Die (1974) They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1967) I Want to Keep My Baby (1976) It Came from Outer Space (1953) It's in the Bag (1945) It's Alive (1974)

They Call Me Mr. Tibbs (1970) I Married a Communist (1949) She

Wore a Yellow Ribbon (1949) It Happened in Brooklyn (1947) We Were Dancing (1942) Along Came Jones (1945) He Was Her Man (1934) They Rode West (1954) It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog (1946) I Met My Love Again (1938) It Happened on Fifth Avenue (1947) Then Came Bronson (1969) They Knew What They Wanted (1940) And So They Were Married (1936) Beware of Blondie (1950) This Woman Is Dangerous (1952) I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now (1947)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932) I Passed for White (1960) Pardon My Rhythm (1944) Call Me Bwana (1936) I Married a Witch (1942) Call Her Savage (1932) I Love My Wife (1970) Everything's Ducky (1961) □

"The Oedipal Maniac"



I Remember Mama (1948) Call Her Mom (1971) Mother Wore Tights (1947) But Not for Me (1959) I, Monster (1972) All Screwed Up (1972) Who Slew Auntie Roo? (1971) Who Killed Gail Preston? (1938) Who Killed Mary What's 'Er Name? (1971) I Confess (1953) I Dood It (1943) What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? (1962) She Played with Fire (1958) She Wouldn't Say Yes (1945) They Call It Murder (1971) It Happened to Jane (1959) Murder Is My Business (1946) What Became of Jack and Jill? (1972) They Died with Their Boots On (1941) Where's Poppa? (1970) Don't Look in the Basement (1972) Where Have All the People Gone? (1974) They Were Expendable (1945) My Gun Is Quick (1957) It's Love I'm After (1937) They Won't Believe Me (1947) They Call It Sin (1932) That Wonderful Urge (1948) It Started with Eve (1941) Eve Knew Her Apples (1945) She's Working Her Way Through College (1952) Mother Didn't Tell Me (1950) All About Eve (1950) Mother Is a Freshman (1949) What a Woman! (1943) This Woman Is Mine (1941) □

"Hollywood Whorehouse"



Who's Got the Action? (1962)
 I, Jane Doe (1948) Call Me Madam
 (1953) Welcome to the Club (1971)
 Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed? (1963)
 All These Women (1964) Love Is a
 Many Splendored Thing (1955) I Can
 Get It for You Wholesale (1951) It's
 Only Money (1962) It Grows on Trees (1952)
 You Can't Take It with You (1938)
 Don't Just Stand There (1968) Ask
 Any Girl (1959) Every Man Needs One

(1972) It's a Pleasure (1945) Any Number
 Can Play (1949)
 Don't Be Afraid of the Dark (1973)
 She Waits (1971) The Lady Is Willing
 (1942) She Learned About Sailors (1934)
 You Know What Sailors Are (1954)
 She's a Sweetheart (1944)
 You're a Big Boy Now (1966) Go
 Naked in the World (1961)
 That's My Boy (1951) □

"The Great End-of-the-World Story"



Beware! The Blob (1972) It Came
 from Beneath the Sea (1955)
 "Cry Panic" (1974)
 "Run for Cover" (1955)
 "Don't Look Now (1973) Here Come
 the Waves" (1944)
 They Came from Beyond Space (1967)
 They Came to Blow Up America (1943)

"Here Comes the Navy (1934) Lock
 Up Your Daughters! They Might Be
 Giants" (1971)
 "Hello Down There (1969) Pardon Us
 (1931) We Are All Murderers (1957) We
 Still Kill the Old Way (1967) We Are
 Not Alone (1939) Here Come the
 Marines" (1952)
 "So This Is New York (1948) Set This
 Town on Fire" (1969)
 "Cry Danger" (1951)
 "Cry Havoc" (1958)
 "Cry Terror" (1958)
 "I'll Cry Tomorrow" (1955)
 It! Terror from Beyond Space (1958)
 It's in the Air (1935)
 "Let's Get Tough!" (1942)
 "You're Not So Tough" (1940)
 "I'll Get You" (1953)
 "Give 'Em Hell, Harry!" (1975)
 "Stop, You're Killing Me" (1952)
 "If He Hollers, Let Him Go" (1968)
 "Cry Uncle" (1971)
 "Hey, I'm Alive!" (1975)

"Where Does It Hurt?" (1972)
 "I'm All Right, Jack" (1960)
 "Here Comes Every Body" (1973)
 "The More the Merrier" (1943)
 "You Must Be Joking" (1965)
 "Run for Your Money" (1949)
 "Stop the World, I Want to Get Off"
 (1966)
 Then There Were Three (1961) Three
 on a Match (1932) None Shall Escape (1944)
 Two Against the World (1936) Nobody
 Lives Forever (1946)
 One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest
 (1975) And Now the Screaming Starts
 (1973) And the Angels Sing (1944) And
 Suddenly It's Murder! (1964)
 And Then There Were None (1945)
 And Soon the Darkness (1970)
 "Ah, Wilderness" (1935) □

"The Seduction"



"Let's Make Love" (1960)
 "We're Not Married" (1952)
 "Quick, Let's Get Married" (1952)
 "But I Don't Want to Get Married" (1970)
 "Every Girl Should Be Married" (1948)
 "Don't Make Waves" (1967)
 "You'll Like My Mother" (1972)
 "I Love a Soldier" (1944)
 "I've Always Loved You" (1946)
 "I Love Melvin" (1953)
 "I Want You" (1951)
 "I Love a Bandleader" (1945)
 "You Were Meant for Me" (1948)
 "I Love a Mystery" (1945, 1967)
 "Let's Live a Little" (1948)
 "Give a Girl a Break" (1953)
 "I Want What I Want" (1972)
 "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948)
 "I'll See You in My Dreams" (1951)
 "You'll Never See Me Again" (1973)
 "I'll Give You a Million" (1935)
 "I Like Money" (1962)
 "It's a Gift" (1934)
 "Thanks a Million" (1935)
 "Do You Love Me?" (1946)
 "I Will, I Will... for Now" (1976)
 "C'mon, Let's Live a Little" (1967)
 "Where Do We Go from Here?" (1945)
 "Come Fly with Me" (1963)
 "Give Us Wings" (1940)
 "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939)
 "I'm No Angel" (1933)
 "You're Telling Me" (1934, 1942) □



TRUE SECTION



ON THE LEVEL

TRUE Facts

● Rafael Campos and Alberto Rivas, both Mexico City bus drivers, were jailed for separate incidents of vehicular homicide. In each case, the drivers had accidentally struck pedestrians on the streets of the city, but they had backed their buses over their victims to make sure they were dead. In a pre-trial hearing, Judge Jaime Gallegos said that many Mexican bus companies tell their drivers to make sure any pedestrians they might hit are dead, since it is easier to fight charges filed by police than those brought by surviving victims. *UPI* (contributed by Gilson Viator)

● The Evanston Energy Company of Denver bought a house in Dickinson, North Dakota, to make way for an industrial park, and when the six men who lived there received an eviction notice, they assumed the house would be razed. The tenants decided to give a house-wrecking party.

As word of the gathering spread to surrounding prairie towns, more than 400 people showed up, until police finally blocked roads leading to the house. But with the party well under way, officers declined to interfere with the revelers who were tearing the house apart.

"We were going to sell it and move it," an Evanston Energy Company spokesman later said of the house. "I can't believe this." Another company representative said that what was left of the structure was beyond repair. "Let's put it this way," he said, "you can walk in from any angle."

Duane Wolf of the Dickinson police said that the tenants who gave the party

claimed it had "therapeutic value" for the people who came in order to vent their aggression by bashing down walls, but Frances Deichert, the man who had rented the house, was charged with "allowing idlers to congregate." *AP* (contributed by Terrence Malloy)

● An image said to resemble Christ on the cross appears at night on the garage door of Rafael and Graziela Rascon of Santa Fe Springs, California. Formed by the illumination of a streetlight filtering through some shrubbery and a For Sale sign, the image has drawn large crowds since the Rascons noticed it and told their friends about it. A neighbor, Joe Diano, said the crowds that gather at dusk sometimes remain as late as 4:00 A.M. and are destroying his lawn. One city official suggested that the Rascons remove the For Sale sign, which would at least eliminate the crosslike portion of the image; another

told Mrs. Rascon that she should leave her garage door open, to eliminate the shadow altogether. But the Rascons declined, pointing out that at least the image disappears during the day. *UPI* (contributed by Jahn Starr)

● Three fire fighters in Knoxville, Tennessee, reportedly set fire to a school, a library, and their own fire station. "Our indication is that the men set these fires out of boredom," said H. B. McPherson of the state's Department of Insurance. "I understand they burned their fire station four times before they got it to the ground." *UPI* (contributed by Debbie Clark)

● On returning from a hunting trip, Jim Hutchinson of Grand Prairie, Texas, was asked by his wife of twenty years what he'd bagged. As a joke, Hutchinson replied, "Oh, I didn't go hunting. I just went out and shot that boyfriend of yours." Thereupon, Dianne Hutchinson

ran from the house and sped off in her car. Her husband followed in his own vehicle and watched while Mrs. Hutchinson pulled up in front of a nearby house, ran inside, and fell into the arms of another man, sobbing, "Thank God, you're alive!" A fight between the two men resulted from the incident, and Mrs. Hutchinson has filed for a divorce. *Toronto Star* (contributed by Craig Maedl)

● Memorandum number PBA 81-7 from Paul K. Haselbush, DOD Building Administrator, Pentagon Area, was headed "Subject: Installation of Pay Toilets in the Pentagon." It announced the following:

"The General Services Administration has awarded a major contract to the Jessup Metering Company of Baltimore, Maryland, for the installation of pay toilets in the public rest rooms of the Pentagon Building. This effort is expected to recoup revenues lost from the parking lot." (contributed by Danwill Lee)

● Five Thai nationals who entered the United States illegally through Mexico were apprehended as they played basketball while waiting for a van to transport them to Los Angeles. After crossing the border, the Thais had planned to pose as a basketball team to avoid suspicion. But immigration officials in Campo, California, noticed the five playing in an outdoor court there; all were wearing tennis shoes and, according to patrol agent James Goldman, "They weren't handling the ball all that well, either." Five empty tennis-shoe boxes were confiscated as evidence against the Thais. *AP* (contributed by Herm Albright)

FRESH MEAT DEPARTMENT



This claim appears on the side of Gorman's Food Market in Lansing, Michigan, described by the photographer as a "friendly family grocery store." (contributed by Margo Renfrew)

T**R****U**

Carried Away

by Bill Moseley

E

Police Blotter

These items are reprinted verbatim from the Goleta Valley News, where they appeared between April 2nd and 16th, 1981. Goleta is a town of 3,500 people in California's prosperous Santa Barbara County.
(contributed by Bill Shinnick)



"The Creature Walks Among Us"



"This Island Earth"



"The Mole People"



"I Married a Monster from Outer Space"



"The Curse of the Werewolf"



"Trog"



"Curse of the Mummy's Tomb"



"Colossus of New York"



"Curse of the Faceless Man"



"The Projected Man"

A Goleta woman phoned the sheriff's department to report a prowler. The woman reportedly explained to the watch officer that she would have phoned 911 but there was no 11 on her telephone dial.

* * *

A twenty-six-year-old Goleta man was arrested for disturbing the peace after he yelled obscenities and threatened to throw a Molotov cocktail at a man who lived down the street in another apartment. When questioned about the incident, the suspect replied that he was just trying to get to know some of his neighbors.

* * *

The neighbors of a forty-six-year-old Goleta man reported that he has been harassing them with charges that they are controlling his brain with electronic signals. The victims told deputies that they allowed the suspect to search their homes, to prove that they were not in fact controlling his brain with electronic waves, but the man will not leave them alone.

Contributions: We will pay \$10 for every item used, \$20 for B&W photos, \$30 for color photos. Send to: True Facts, *National Lampoon*, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, NY, 10022. In case of duplication, earliest postmark is selected.

Editor's note: All items appearing in the True Section are, to the best of our ability to verify them, true. We will gladly retract anything that can be proven false. Everything else in *National Lampoon* is fictional. Except the ads.

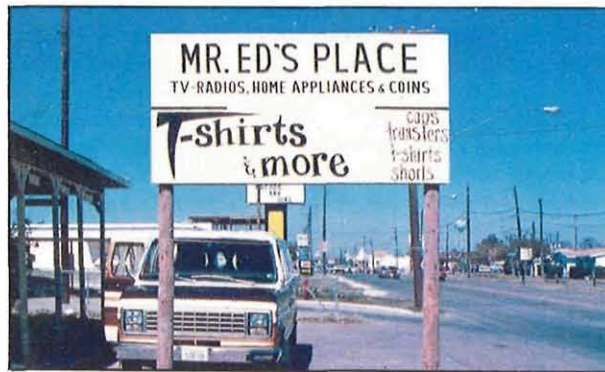
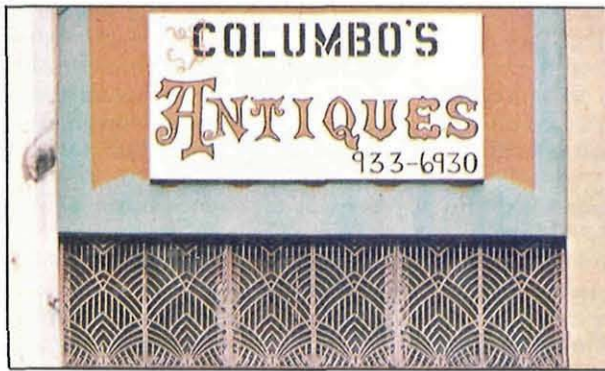
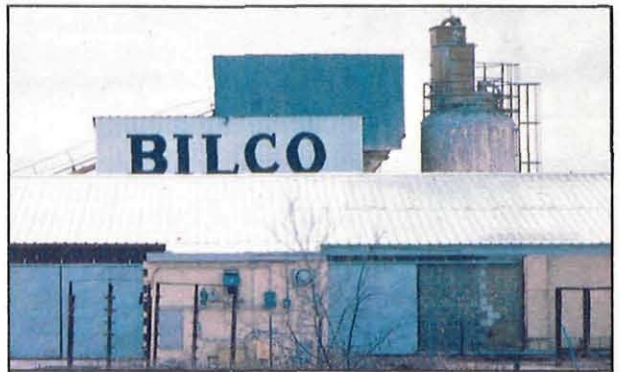
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What Ever Happened to...? by Susan Hoffman



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MEXICAN DEATH

continued from page 39

that way. My clients, as you know, are mostly celebrities."

The possibilities were such as to set the mind reeling. Why, who could not live again? Shakespeare, Catullus, Pindar, Thomas Aquinas, Einstein, Disney...?

"The process is really a simple one," said the doctor. "I will of course describe it in general terms. Beginning with a single cell in an agar jar, we recapitulate the human being using filtered radiation to catalyze the complex regenerative process. Once sufficiently advanced the body can be maintained with a nourishing serum administered rectally through a 'garden hose,' as Mr. Wayne says. Depending on how long the patient has been dead and how cooperative they are, this may take anywhere from a month to eight months. It is of course very expensive."

Anticipating my next question, he continued.

"It is expensive for a variety of reasons. The cost of materials and labor, inflation, and the unions, which will be the death of our way of life."

"Doctor, this is fantastic! Do you have any evidence that you have brought people back to life here in the clinic, other than Steve McQueen, who has, you say, unfortunately escaped?"

"How about this?" The doctor darted a well-proportioned hand dexterously into his hip pocket. "It is a thank-you note," he said. "You are welcome to read it. I have many such."

Dear Doc,

Well, it's great to be alive. Just thought I'd drop you a note to let you know that things are fine with me. If I ever die again, I'm all yours. I am also recommending you to my fast-living friends. You should get plenty dinero! (Hah! Hah!) Seriously though, thanks, Doc.

Yours,

Richard Petty

P.S. I heard about the bad press your clinic's getting. If there is anything me or Elvis can do, without mentioning names, of course, just let me know.

R.P.

"But Richard Petty, the race driver, he's alive," I stammered.

"Of course," said the doctor, taking the note. "I told you he was."

"But," I asked, "what about Elvis? Is he alive? The letter said Elvis..."

The doctor gestured dismissively. "Alive, yes. He's working as an Elvis imitator. He says he's trying to prove a

point about something. Personally, I think he's nutty."

We entered another room. Montgomery Clift's fine, dark features were instantly recognizable. His small, precise body seemed lost in the hospital bed, overwhelmed and intimidated in a tangle of sheets and menaced by the supporting pillows.

"A sad case," the doctor sighed. "In the last three years alone we have brought him back to life twelve times. Each time he has found some new way to kill himself. Once, he injected acid from the emergency lighting battery into his eye; then he ate Hitler's suicide pill; and another time he got into town and was beaten to death in a cantina men's room. He needs careful watching. Very suicidal. You know, when we bring them back, they're just the way they were when they died. Physically and psychologically. It takes time for them to adjust. First we have to 'wind back' whatever disease they died of, then we have to psychologically recondition them so that they don't die again in some other way. Monty here is the worst case we've had. James Dean was bad. We cured him, we can cure Monty. Time. There's enough time."

"Doctor, if you can 'wind back,' as you say, a person's disease after you revive them, does this mean you can cure cancer, or heart problems for that matter?"

"Certainly. Been able to for years."

"Then why don't people come to you before they die?"

"There is a variety of reasons. There is a lot of prejudice in the world. People tend to think negatively. And of course there are other clinics, in Tijuana, for example, that claim to cure almost every disease and have a huge failure rate. Practitioners like that create an unpleasant climate of opinion. They are charlatans. Not Mexicans at all!"

"I noticed you mentioned James Dean as one of your successes. He was a very famous actor in his day. Don't you think people will think it a bit odd that there has been no news of him if he is alive again?"

"No, no, not at all. James Dean was very unhappy as an actor. After counseling he decided to try a new career and got a job in a gas station. You will admit he looks a lot like a guy who works in a gas station."

"James Dean, Richard Petty, John Wayne, all these people you talk about, even Monty Clift, they all have one thing in common. They're men. What about the women? Do you treat women, or what?"

The doctor laughed generously for the

first time. "Surely, my friend. We are not sexist. This is the men's ward, that is all. Come with me." Still chuckling, he trotted off.

Gesturing to his right and left, the doctor talked nonstop as we passed down the hall. "Here is Mae West. She is alive again, but she wishes to be younger. She could have come years ago, but it gave her a kick to be old and have young lovers. Now she wishes to be young and have old lovers. She is a pervert, I am afraid. Here is Totie Fields's room. Not quite alive yet. Soon, we hope. And here! Here is my pride and joy! Goldie Hawn! She'll be up and around again before you know it!"

"But Goldie Hawn's alive. I saw her on the Flip Wilson special just the other night."

"Not Goldie! A stand-in. Fortunately there are enough girls who look like Goldie and can do all she does that it was no problem. She always kept an understudy just in case something happened and she would have to come here. Then when that pool cleaner killed her it was as simple as can be. A lot of stars are keeping understudies now."

"Doctor, excuse me for being blunt, but just what does it cost to get into your clinic and get brought back to life?"

"The deposit is a million and a half. That gets you in. After that, it's about two hundred thousand a day, depending what you eat."

"Most of your patients seem to be actors or celebrities or personalities. Why is that?"

"Word of mouth. That's one reason. Also, actors are very vain people. They would like to live forever and don't care what it costs."

"Have you ever been tempted to revive the great minds of the past? Confucius, Charlemagne, the emperor Marcus Aurelius...?"

"It's funny you should mention that. You know Steve Allen? He was asking about that the other day, but when he found out what it would cost him he dropped the idea, and quickly."

"Aside from Mr. Allen. Have you ever been tempted to revive great minds? Surely there must be some historical figures who hold a fascination for you."

"Historical figures?" he asked craftily. "You mean historical figures like Albert Schweitzer or Florence Nightingale or Adolf Hitler?"

I nodded affirmatively.

"Let me ask you a question," said the doctor. "If I were to tell you I had restored Albert Schweitzer to life, what would you say? If I told you I had also brought

back Florence Nightingale! If I told you that I had also brought back Tolstoy! What then? What would you say then?"

"I would say that perhaps you were the most marvelous man who has ever lived. Of course I would like to talk to them too... Can I, may I, meet them? Have you done this?"

"Yes, I brought them back to life. Fully aware, robust life."

"I must meet them."

"I'm afraid that's impossible; unfortunately, Hitler has killed them all. That is my greatest disappointment. I wish I could destroy Hitler, but my oath permits me only to restore life, never to take it."

"This Hitler killed Tolstoy and the others? He must be a monster! Is he the one that's on TV all the time? The German Hitler that had the war? That Hitler?"

"Yes. I never would have revived him. One of his teeth was brought to me just after I opened the clinic. In those days business was slow. I needed the million and a half dollars. How was I to know? I should have checked. The harm he has done me! He killed Helen Keller. I had to return the money. I was called a fraud!"

"Helen Keller! Why did he kill her?"

"I don't know. He said he thought she was Anne Frank. He is a beast. I hate him! He just goes on killing. Killing and killing. He says he's used to it."

"That's incredible. Who else has he killed? Can the police do nothing?"

"Bah, Mexican police! Useless. He hides when I call them, and they always promise to come back, but they never do. So he goes on killing. He killed Sir Frederick Banting, Pope Pius the Seventh... and he strangled Emile Zola with his bare hands. That's why I have only movie stars here. That's the real reason. He likes them. He kills everyone else—philosophers, painters, statesmen... Why, when I think of what he did to poor Bernard Baruch..."

My voice trembled with compassion for this brave, honorable man. "What can I do to help?"

"You can get out of here and tell the story. Tell people the truth about the clinic. Be sure you tell them the address and the prices and my name. The truth is great and shall prevail..."

It was the last time I was to see Dr. Chezito Squealazar: kneeling on the immaculate ward floor, his hands clasped before him pleadingly. Three weeks later the Mexican army attacked the clinic and totally destroyed it. The doctor's fate is still unknown. If you ask me, though, that Hitler character has got to be mixed up in it somehow. □

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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 PARDON ME BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN (WE FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A SHIT) | 2 PARDON ME BUT YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN (WE FOR SOMEONE WHO GIVES A DAMN) | 3 I USED TO BE DISGUSTED NOW I'M JUST AMUSED |
| 4 We'll get fine as soon as you realize I'm God | 5 Those of you who think you know everything are very annoying to those of us who do | 6 I don't know I don't care And it doesn't make any difference |
| 7 Life is like a shit sandwich The more bread you have the less shit you have to eat | 8 If you can't dazzle 'em with BRILLIANCE baffle 'em with BULLSHIT | 9 When choosing between two evils I always like to try the one I've never tried before |

10. "Sounds Like BULLSHIT To Me" 11. "HAVE AN ORDINARY DAY" with (Un) Smiling Face 12. "It's not that you and I are so clever, but that the others are such fools." 13. "I know you think you understood what I said, but what you heard was not what I meant." 14. "QUESTION AUTHORITY" 15. "First because you're PARANOID doesn't mean everyone isn't out to get you." 16. "Don't ask me any questions. I just might tell you the truth." 17. "WARNING! This t-shirt (button) contains a highly sophisticated bullshit detector. When alarm sounds please reengage your brain." 18. "IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS" 19. "SO?" 20. "I'm not cynical. Just experienced." 21. "There are no rules." 22. "ASK ME IF I CARE" 23. "THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS" 24. "If I tell you you have a beautiful body will you hold it against me?" 25. "ROCK'N'ROLL IS NOT POLITE!" 26. "IF YOU HAVE TO ASK YOU'LL NEVER KNOW" 27. "MURPHY'S LAW: Whatever can go wrong, will. And at the worst possible moment." 28. "WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? WHY BOTHER?" First quality 100% cotton HANES t-shirts. Silkscreened white on black or blue on tan. S, M, L, XL. PLEASE SPECIFY SIZE(S) AND COLOR(S). \$6.95 each. 6 or more just \$6.50 each. 12 or more just \$6 each! BUTTONS: High quality, 2 1/2" diameter, white on black only. \$1.50 each. 6 or more just \$1.25 each! 12 or more just \$1.00 each! Add \$1 postage & handling to your total order. CA residents only add 6 1/2% sales tax. U.S. Funds Only. Moneyback Guarantee. Free Catalog.

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- BEND OVER, I'LL DRIVE.
- CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
- I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
- I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM, I DRINK, I GET DRUNK, I FALL DOWN, NO PROBLEM.
- PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
- HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
- HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
- SAVE OUR BEACHES... HARPOON A FAT CHICK!
- HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
- FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
- NO FAT CHICKS
- NO FAT DUDES
- WE DIVE AT FIVE.
- WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW
- IN OUTER SPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART.
- THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND.
- NO TEENIE WIENIES
- MINE'S BIGGER
- I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO" 'TIL I'M FOR LUST
- IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM.
- BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
- PARTY SIZE
- 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
- BUT NOT WITH YOU.
- LOVE ME 'TILL I SCREAM
- I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.
- SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
- I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
- ONE OF A KIND
- DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
- GO POUND SAND!
- SCHOOL SUCKS!
- ASK ME IF I CARE
- SNOW BLIND
- LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
- TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
- WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS.
- KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS.

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PROPMASTER SPEAKS

continued from page 12

someone filed a complaint with the SPCA and that director never worked on a "Lassie" episode again. He wound up on the "Mister Ed" series.

That's Lassie number four of the day. I scraped her up and had her hauled out because she looks less beat up than the others. I was going to give her to a girl friend of mine who really liked the series, but we had broken up by the time I had her stuffed properly. The dog, that is. I put casters on Lassie's paws and I like to take her out for a spin every once in a while.

Looks like an ordinary drinking glass, eh? Well, what if I told you Miss Elizabeth Taylor used to soak her false teeth in that very glass in between takes of *National Velvet*? I guess you'll be giving that glass a little more respect, won't you? Yes, even way back then, Liz was missing a couple of the front ones. When her hometown beau found out she was leaving him for the romance and glamour of moving pictures, he hauled off and let her have a good shot. I guess he figured he'd rather have a gap-toothed bunkmate than have to pay a buck to see his

misery projected on the silver screen for one and all. But with modern dental techniques, what he got is a few days in the county jail. Liz always laughed about it, and she'd whistle "My Old Kentucky Home" through the spaces when things got dull on the set. And any man who knows tile from tittie can tell you the guys just fell over her all the more.

Oh, I could say a lot more about my adventures in movies and television, but why not let the props tell it themselves? I think they'd do just about anything to please this old propmaster. There's a plastic octopus from "Sea Hunt," and I'll bet he'll grab your arm for a tale or two. Sometimes I like to poke him with Charlie's cane, just to get a reaction out of the old boy.

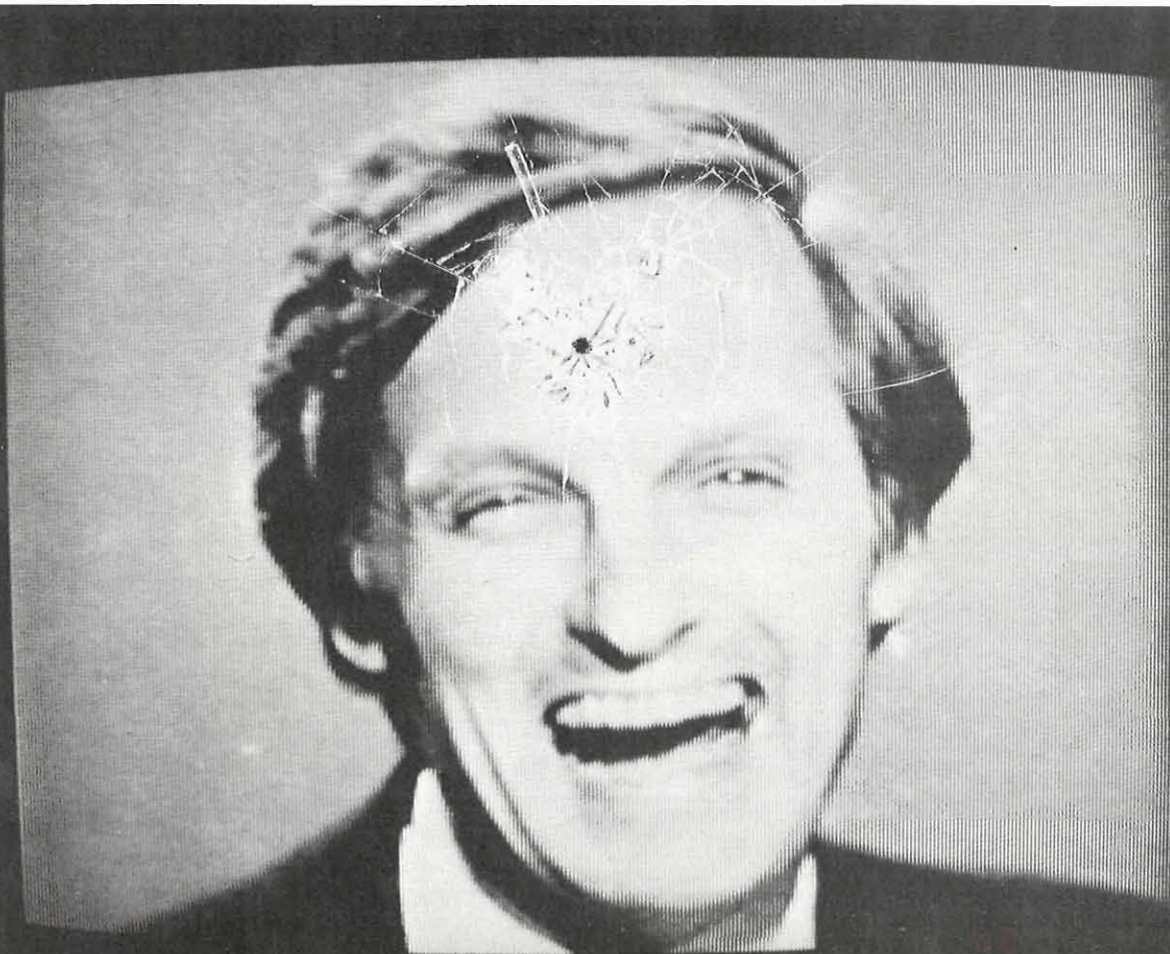
Well, I guess he's a little bashful around strangers, and that's a real shame. You know, they were all talking up a storm last night when I was lyin' there on the cot. Danged if that paddle wheel from the "Maverick" riverboat didn't shuffle up and tell me to go out for another bottle. Well, that's the way it goes.

Say, you're not leaving, are you? Well, I guess you might as well; got

lots of things to do myself. I had Hitler's brain here somewhere, the genuine article, but it must've got lost or something. You know, I'm always on the look-see for new props for the collection; so if you ever run across any—you know, like Harpo's horn, Elvis's guitar, or maybe a hot plate, coupla coffee mugs... □

SCIENCE ROUNDUP

The conviction of Stanford professor E. K. White on charges involving the controversial cloning of a virus on the prohibited list of the National Science Council was overturned by the California Supreme Court. Professor White took the stand and offered as his defense the fact that he was drunk at the time: "I really couldn't tell the difference between one lousy virus and another." Judge Jonah Tyler agreed with the defendant, adding, "I'm a drinking man myself. I know these things can happen."



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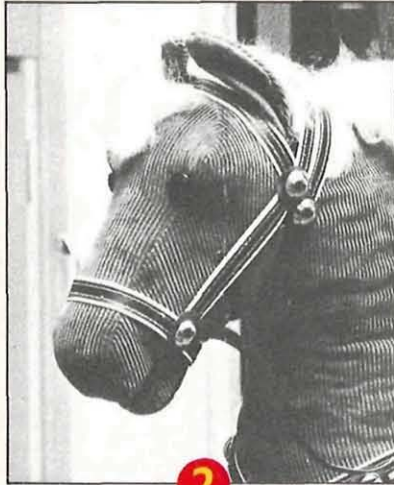
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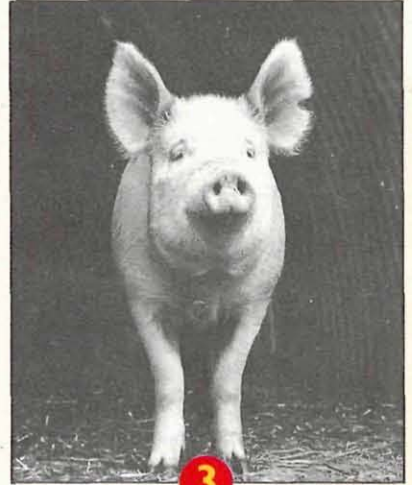
Which of the horses depicted below has yet to throw off HRH Prince Charles?



1



2



3



4



5



6

FFG(4) / WIDE WORLD / UPI

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(1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6)

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